



SWING SISSON



POISON IVY



BIG TOP



ROSCOE



SHENANIGAN

FEATURE

COMICS

I.C.D.
1



JANUARY
No.130

The **DOLL MAN**
rolls out
THE BARREL!

10¢
STILL 52 PAGES



PERKY



LALA PALOOZA



BLIMPY



RUSTY RYAN



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JIM MAJOR

Dept. 53-S 230 E. Ohio St.
Chicago 11, Illinois



SEND NO MONEY - MAIL COUPON

JIM MAJOR, The Harmonica Man

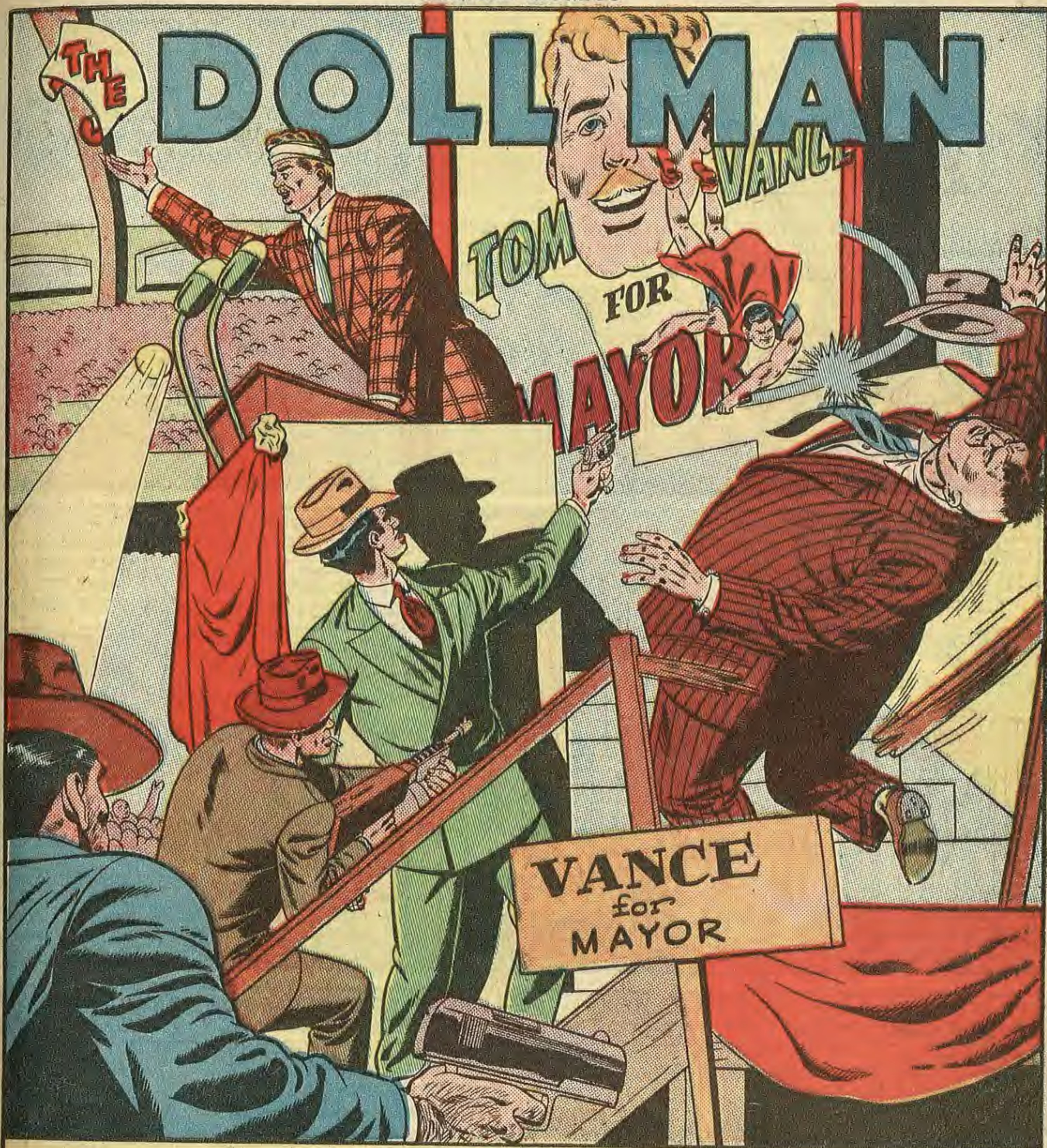
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NAME.....

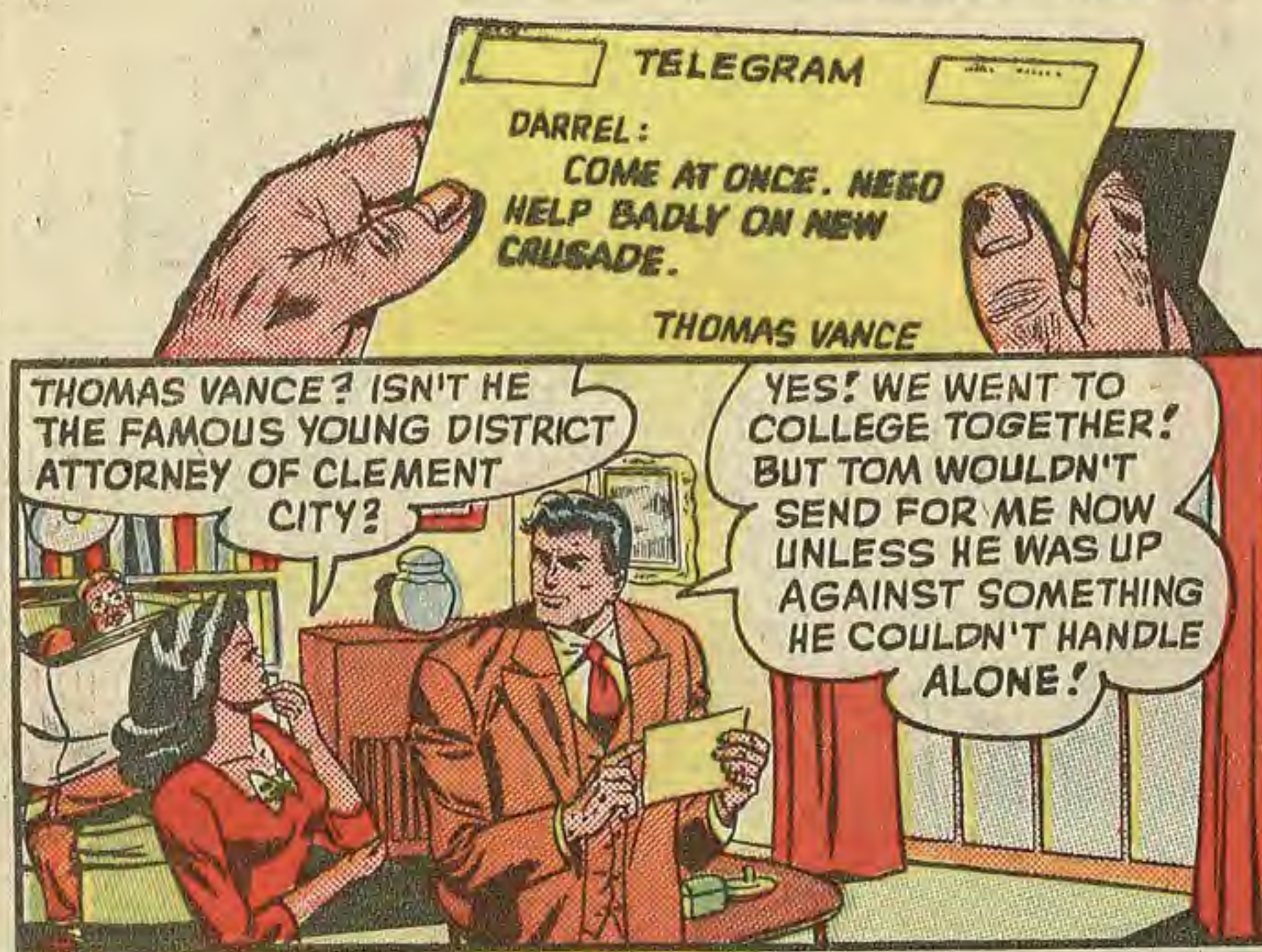
ADDRESS.....

CITY.....STATE.....



He is no ordinary criminal... this man known as **THE BARREL!** Crime in the usual sense is not his occupation! For he intends to steal a **CITY!**

THE DOLL MAN, world's mightiest mite, needs all his miraculous powers to foil the most ambitious thief of all time, and save a modern metropolis from becoming **CRIMETOWN, U.S.A.!**



TELEGRAM

DARREL:
COME AT ONCE. NEED
HELP BADLY ON NEW
CRUSADE.

THOMAS VANCE

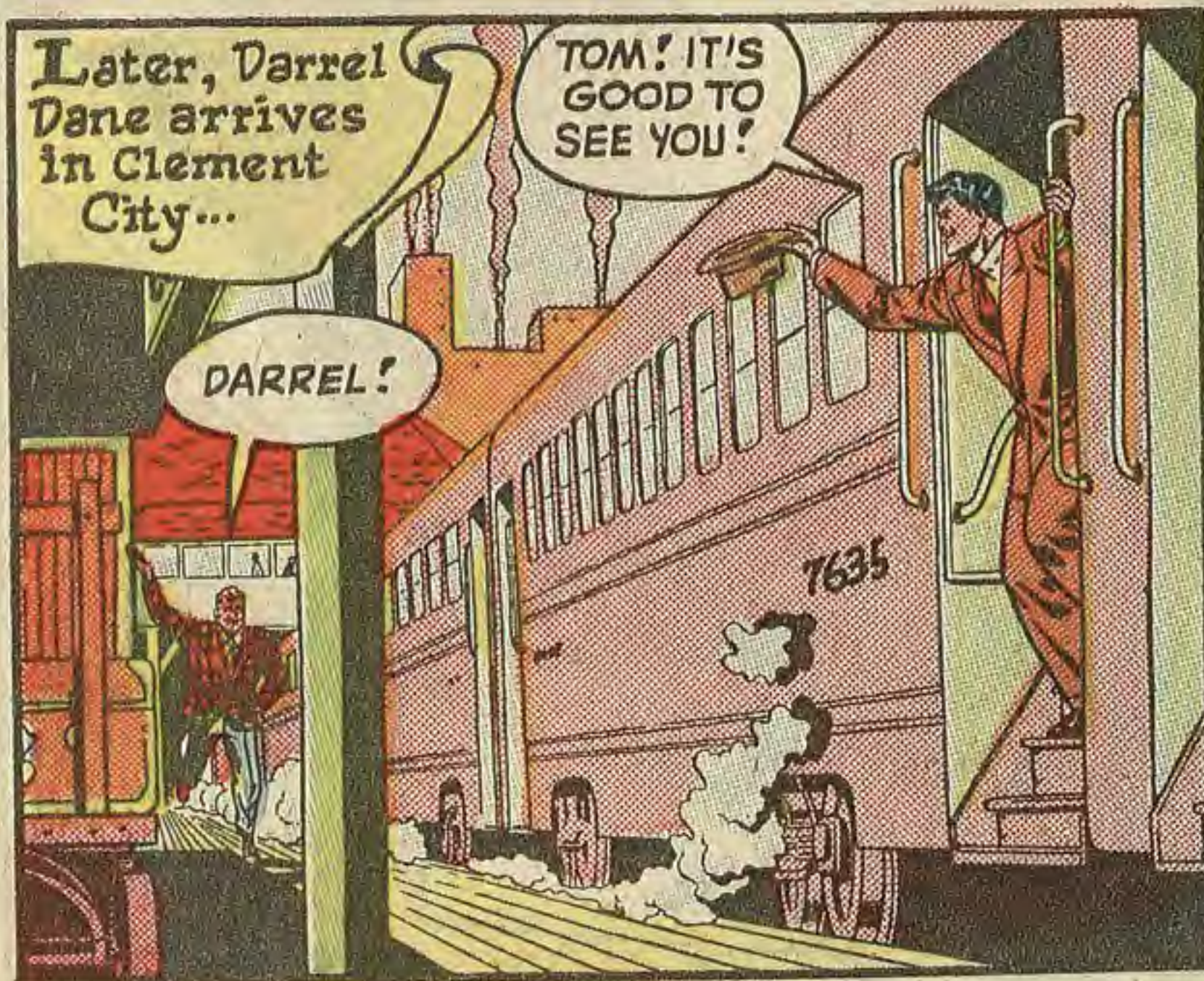
THOMAS VANCE? ISN'T HE
THE FAMOUS YOUNG DISTRICT
ATTORNEY OF CLEMENT
CITY?

YES! WE WENT TO
COLLEGE TOGETHER!
BUT TOM WOULDN'T
SEND FOR ME NOW
UNLESS HE WAS UP
AGAINST SOMETHING
HE COULDN'T HANDLE
ALONE!



I'VE HEARD
UGLY RUMORS
ABOUT CLEMENT
CITY! IT'S RULED
BY A POLITICAL
BOSS NAMED
HARRY BALAN!

FAMILIARLY
KNOWN AS THE
BARREL!
TOM'S RUNNING
FOR MAYOR
AGAINST HIM! I'LL
BET HE'S HAVING
THE FIGHT OF HIS
YOUNG LIFE!



Later, Darrel
Dane arrives
in Clement
City...

DARREL!

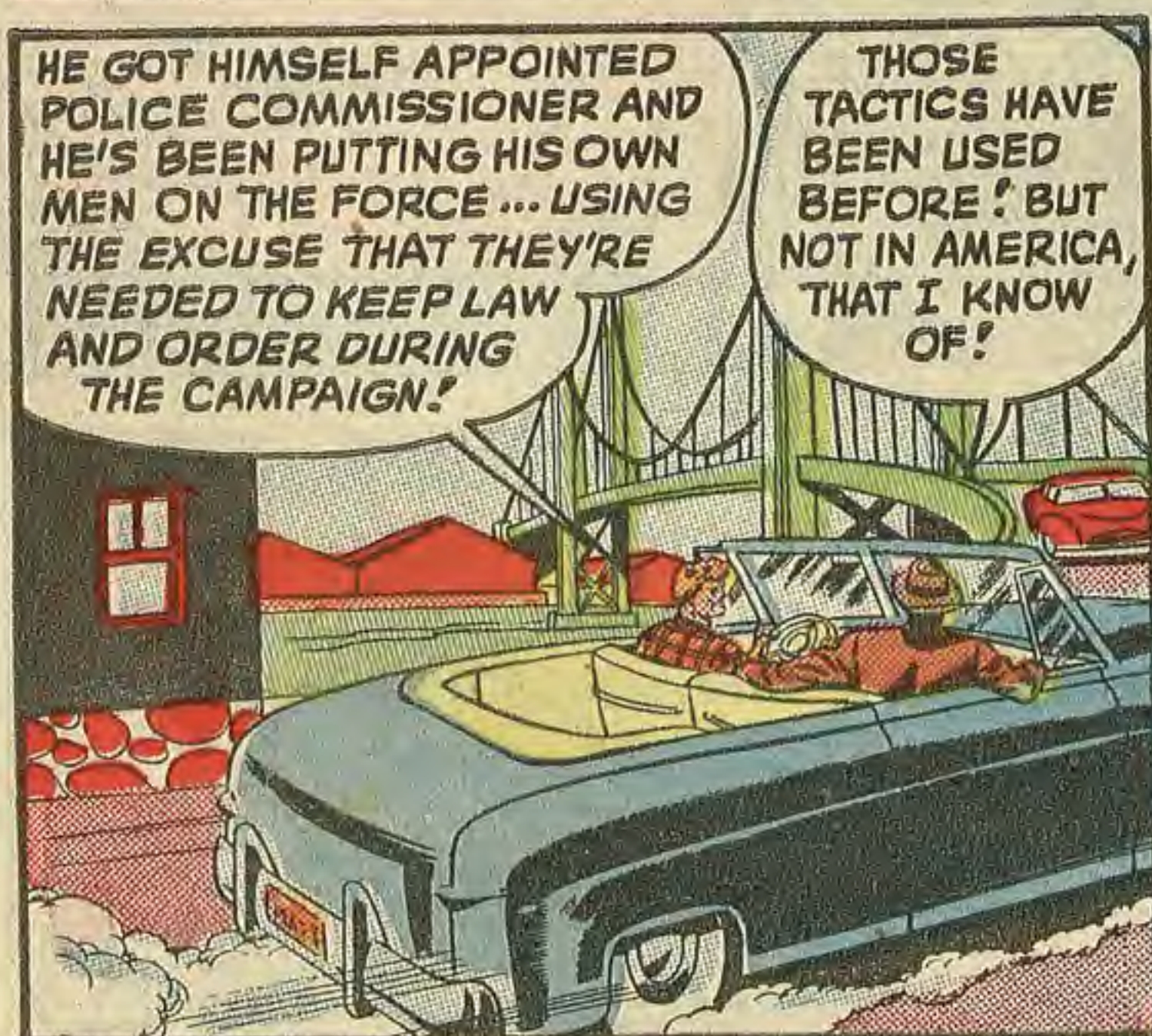
TOM! IT'S
GOOD TO
SEE YOU!

7635



I WAS HOPING YOU'D BE
FREE TO COME! I NEED
ALL THE HELP I CAN GET!
YOU'VE NO IDEA WHAT
THINGS ARE LIKE IN
THIS TOWN!

THE
BARREL'S
STARTING
TO PLAY
ROUGH, EH?



HE GOT HIMSELF APPOINTED
POLICE COMMISSIONER AND
HE'S BEEN PUTTING HIS OWN
MEN ON THE FORCE... USING
THE EXCUSE THAT THEY'RE
NEEDED TO KEEP LAW
AND ORDER DURING
THE CAMPAIGN!

THOSE
TACTICS HAVE
BEEN USED
BEFORE! BUT
NOT IN AMERICA,
THAT I KNOW
OF!



HE'S ARRESTED SCORES OF
MY SUPPORTERS ON FLIMSY
CHARGES AND BROKEN UP
THEIR PARTY MEETINGS! LAST
WEEK THE PRINTER WHO
PUBLISHED MY PAMPHLETS
WAS RAIDED AND HIS
MACHINERY
DESTROYED...

HMM! SOUNDS
LIKE HE'S
REALLY
PLAYING IT
FAST AND
LOOSE!



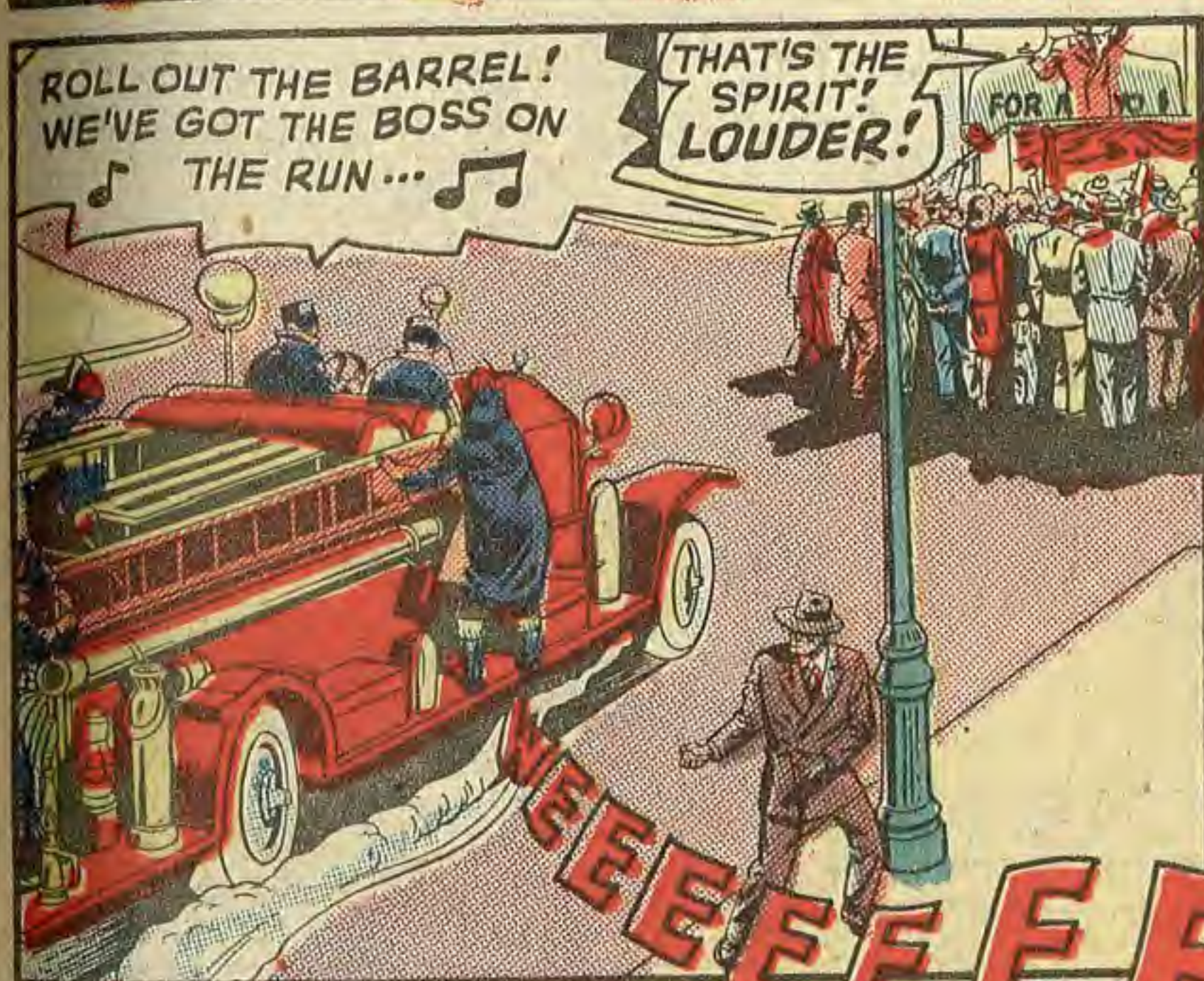
Using his miraculous power to condense the molecules of his body, Darrel Dane becomes the world's mightiest mite ... *The DOLL MAN!*





FEATURE COMICS

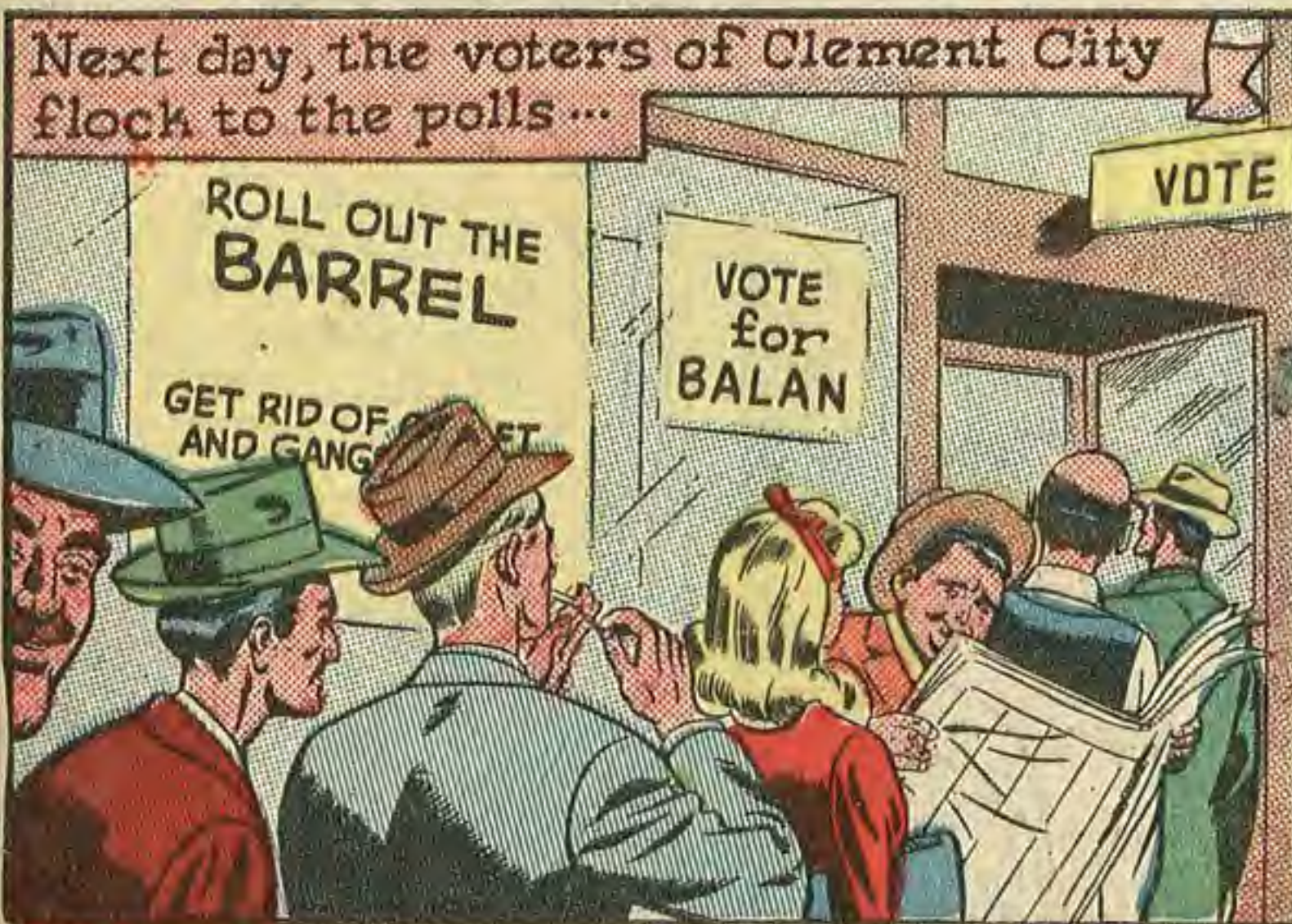
Darrel Dane is as good as his word! That night, at an election rally...

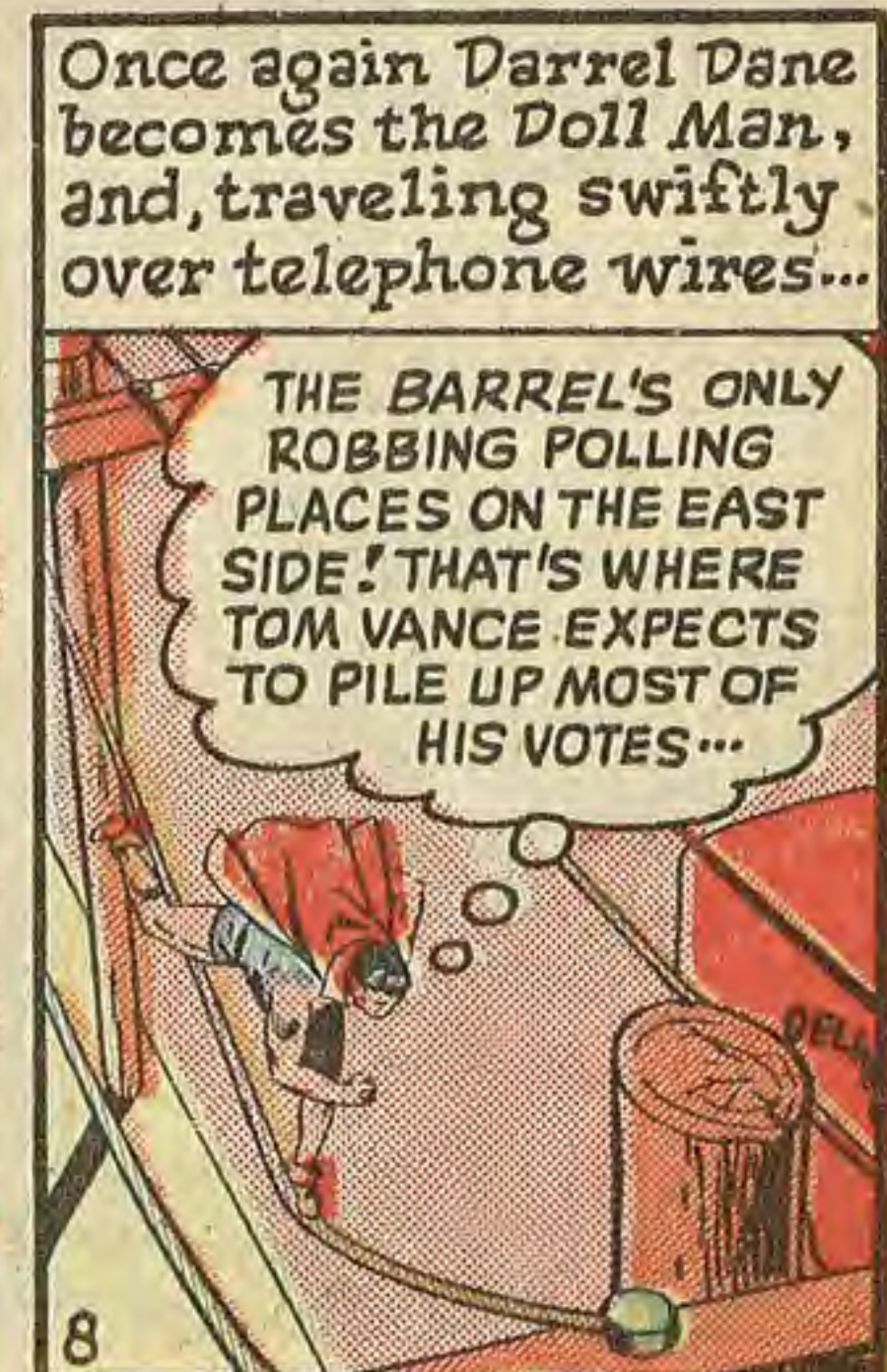
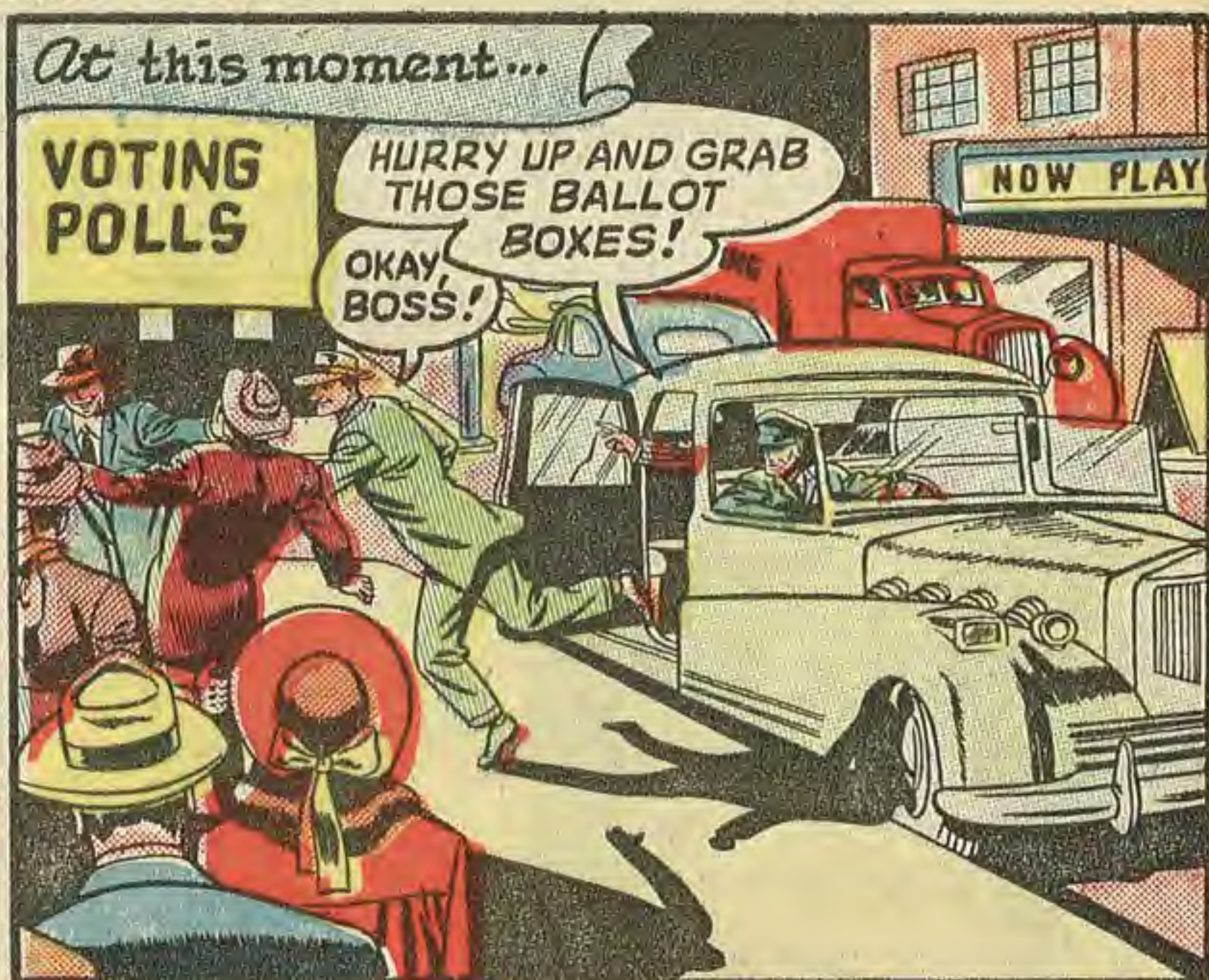


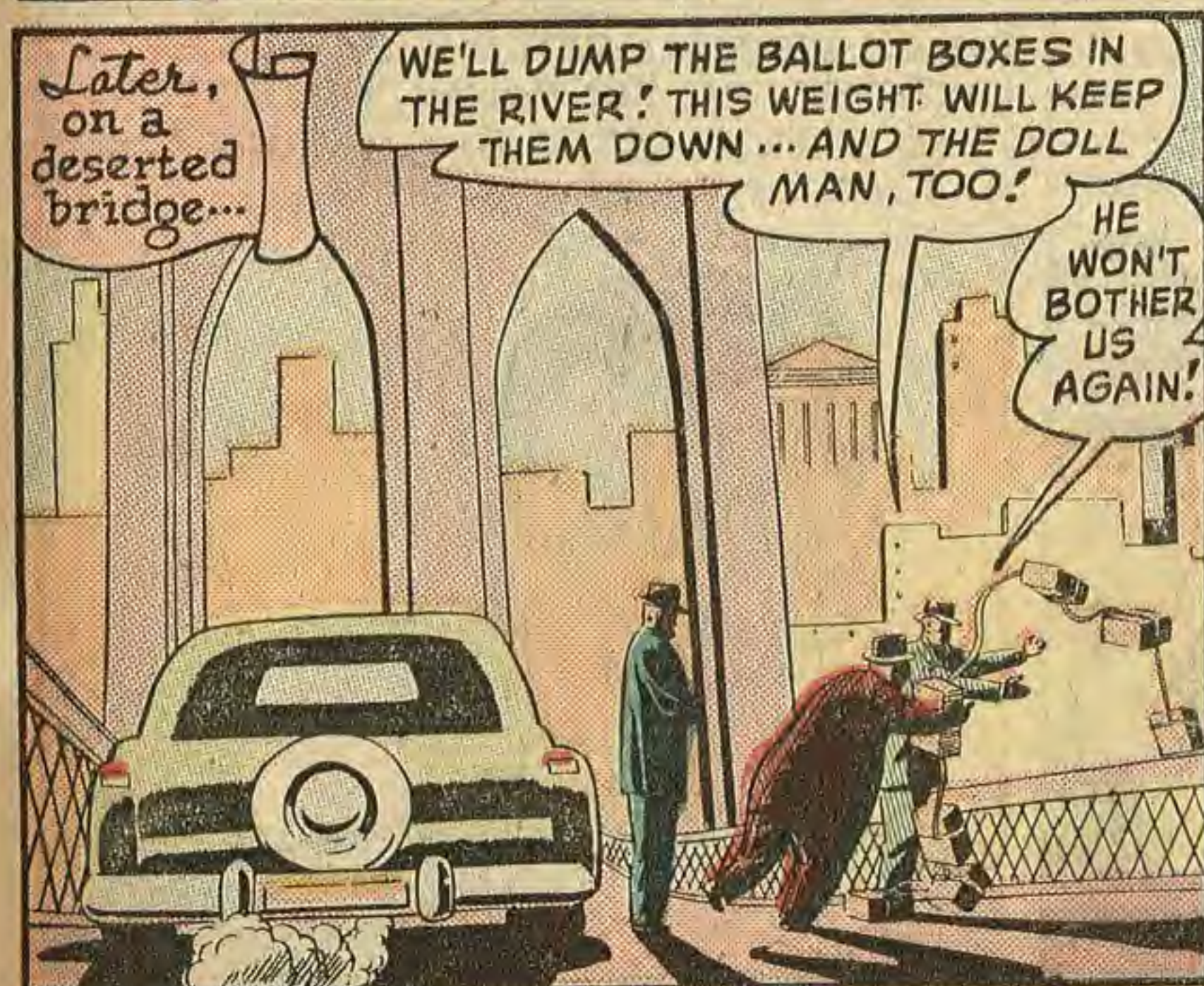




Soon the Doll Man finishes Darrel Dane's speech...









OOOHH! THE SHOCK OF COLD WATER BROUGHT ME TO! BUT HOW DO I GET OUT OF HERE?

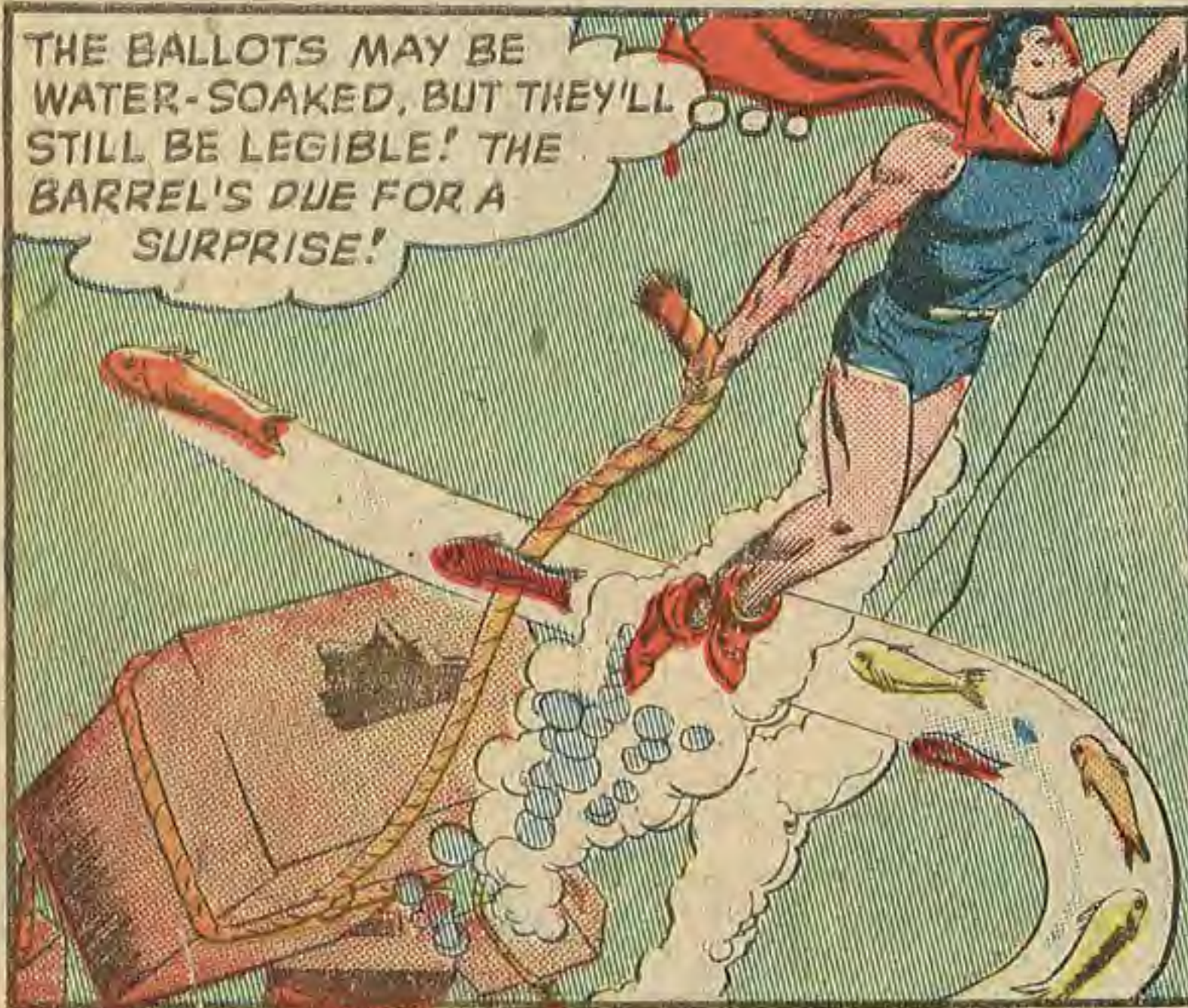


A RUSTY FILE! SOME-ONE PROBABLY THREW IT AWAY FOR JUNK... BUT IT'S A LIFE-SAVER TO ME!

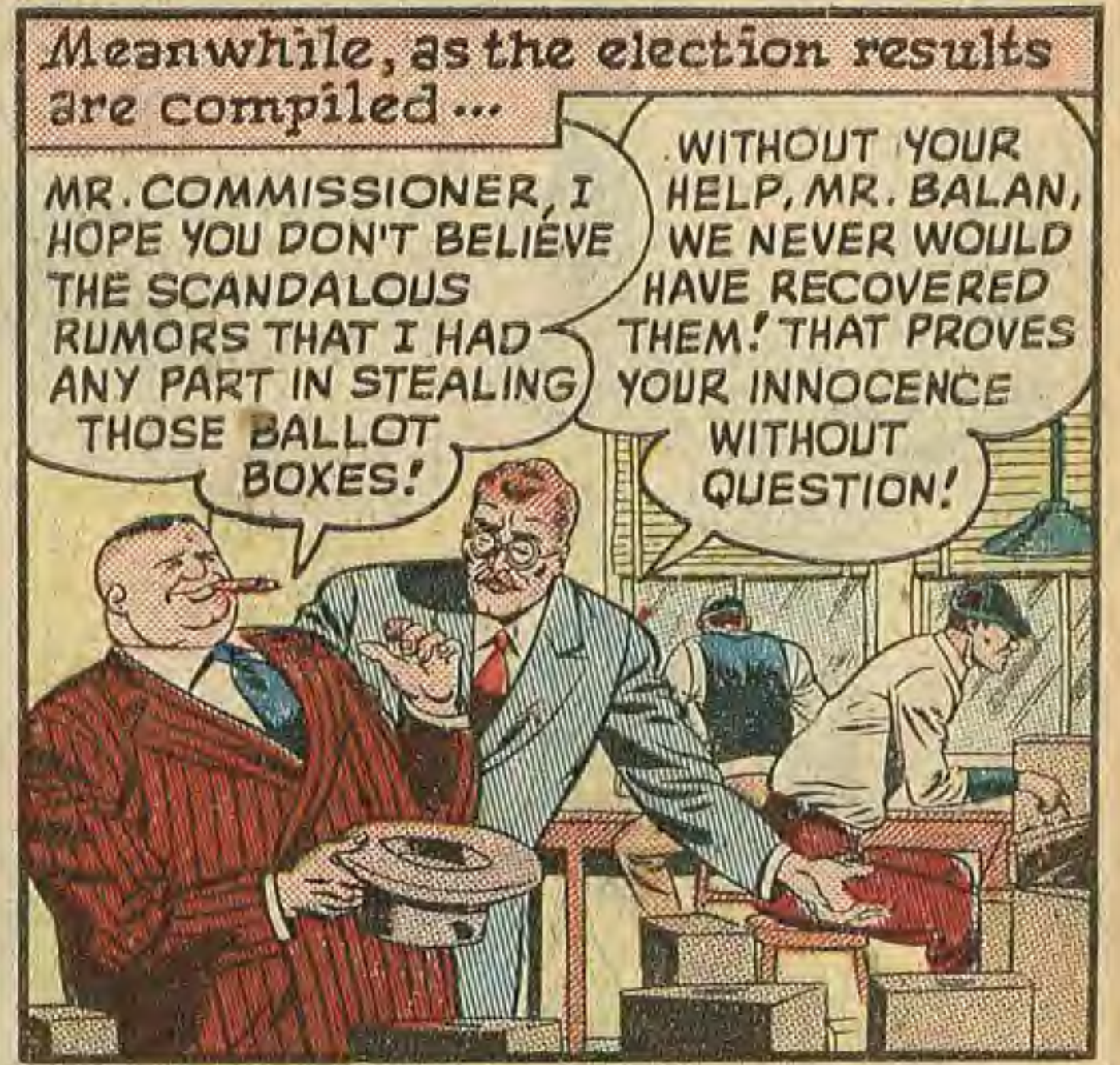


Moments of frantic work brings freedom to the Doll Man...

MY LUNGS ARE READY TO BURST! BUT I CAN'T LEAVE NOW! THIS EVIDENCE IS COMING WITH ME!



THE BALLOTS MAY BE WATER-SOAKED, BUT THEY'LL STILL BE LEGIBLE! THE BARREL'S DUE FOR A SURPRISE!



Meanwhile, as the election results are compiled...

MR. COMMISSIONER, I HOPE YOU DON'T BELIEVE THE SCANDALOUS RUMORS THAT I HAD ANY PART IN STEALING THOSE BALLOT BOXES!

WITHOUT YOUR HELP, MR. BALAN, WE NEVER WOULD HAVE RECOVERED THEM! THAT PROVES YOUR INNOCENCE WITHOUT QUESTION!



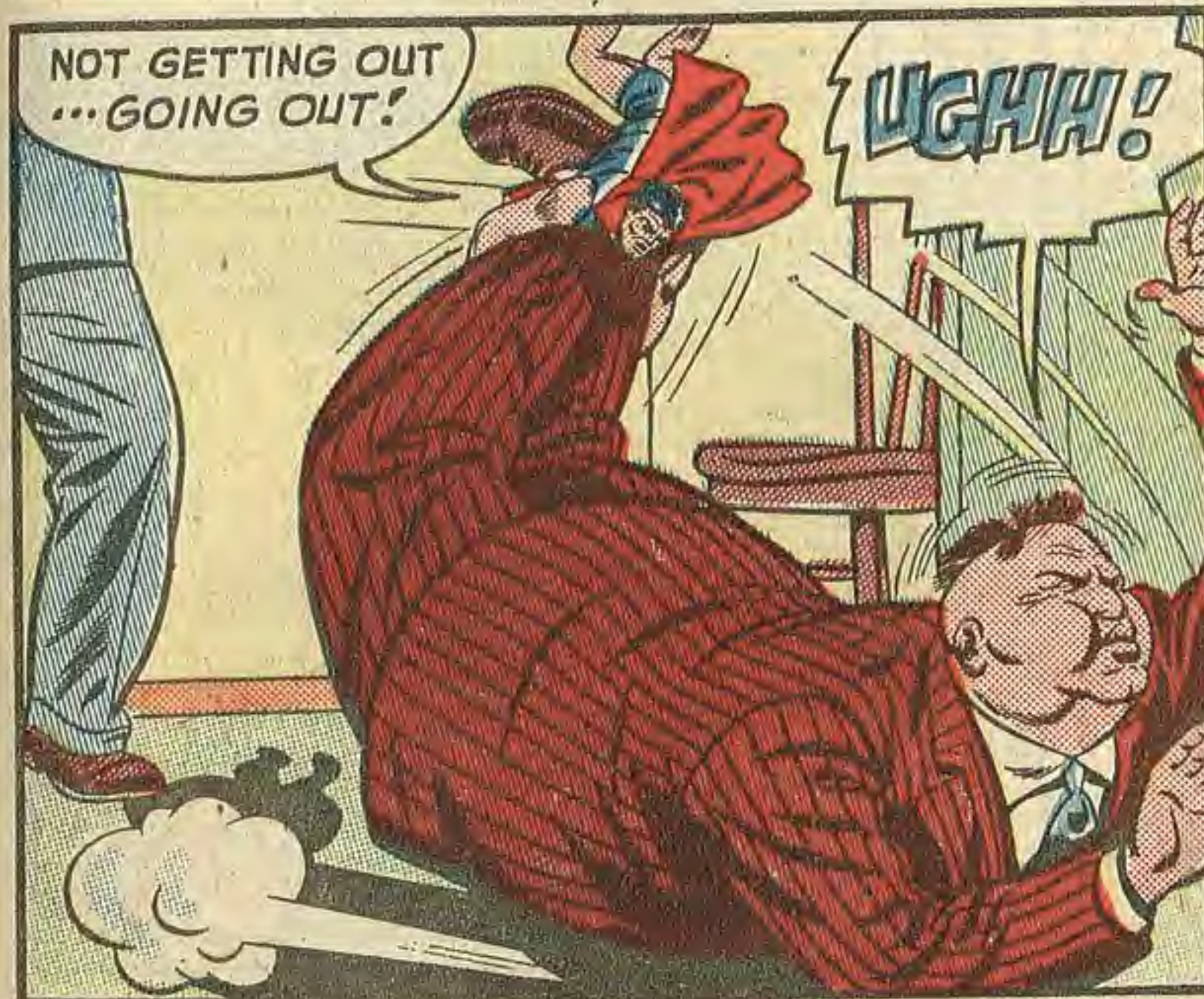
HERE ARE THE FINAL RETURNS, MR. COMMISSIONER!

NO ONE KNOWS THOSE AREN'T THE ORIGINAL BALLOT BOXES! THEY'RE DUPLICATES... WITH FORGED BALLOTS INSIDE!

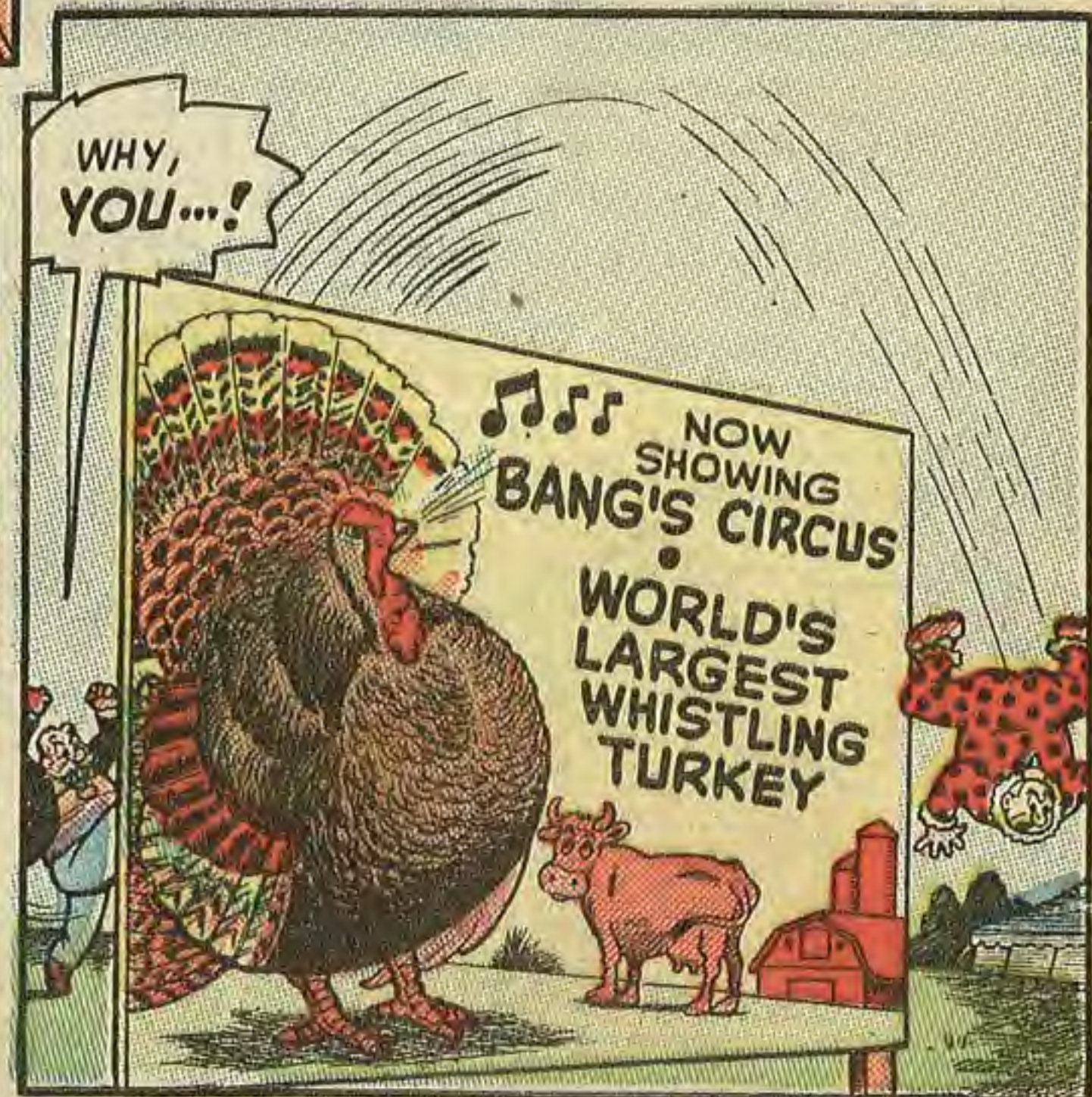
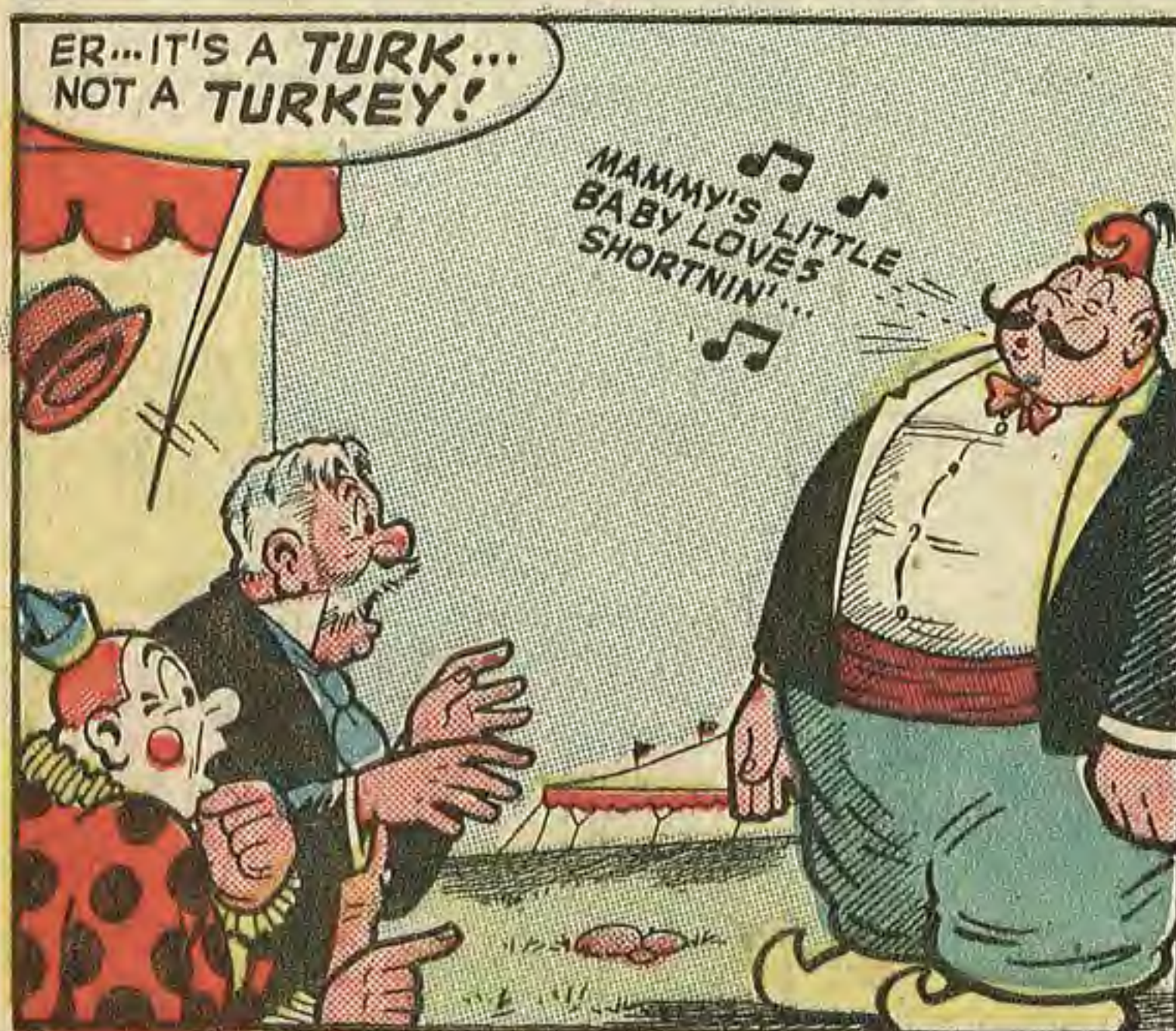
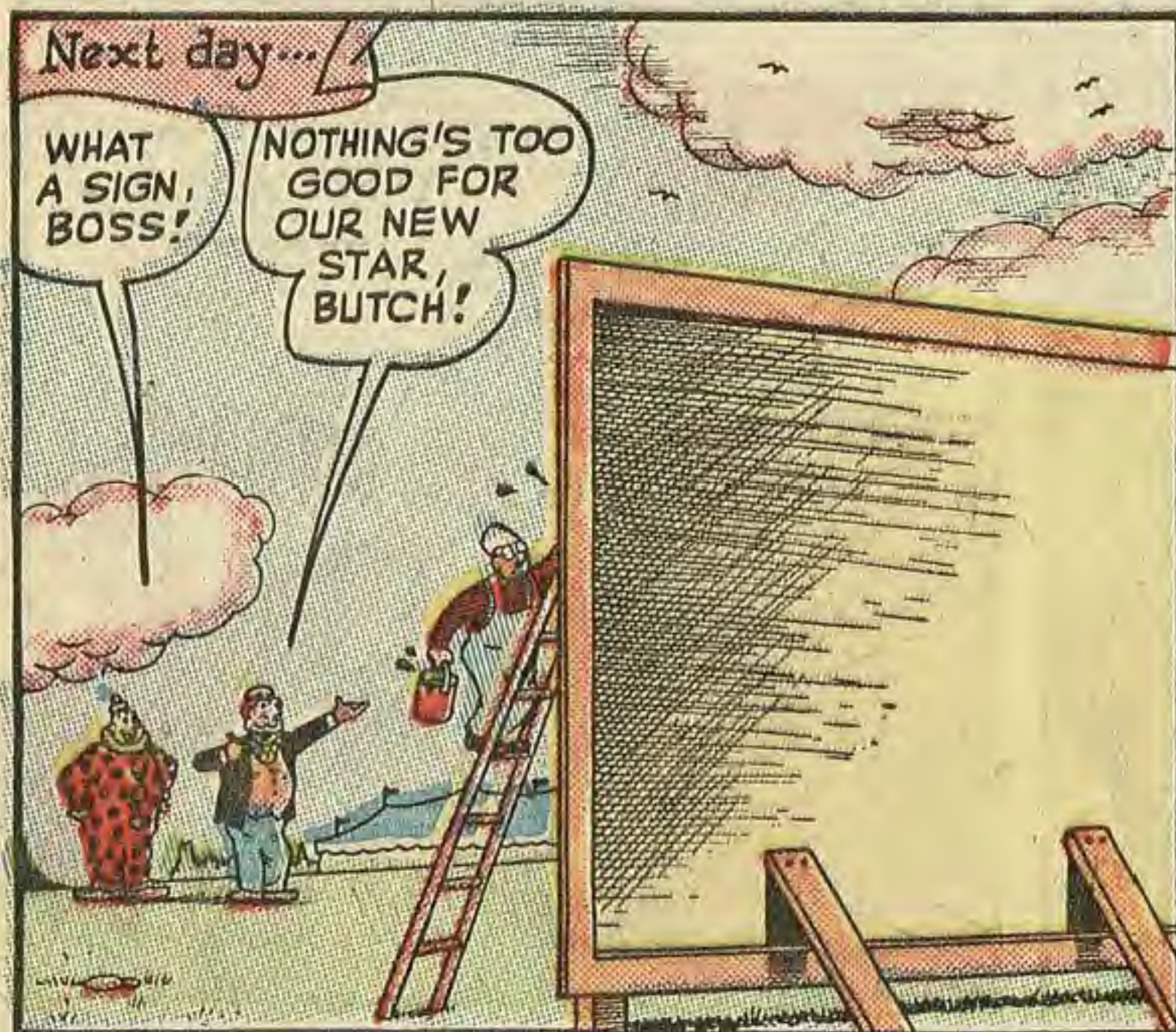


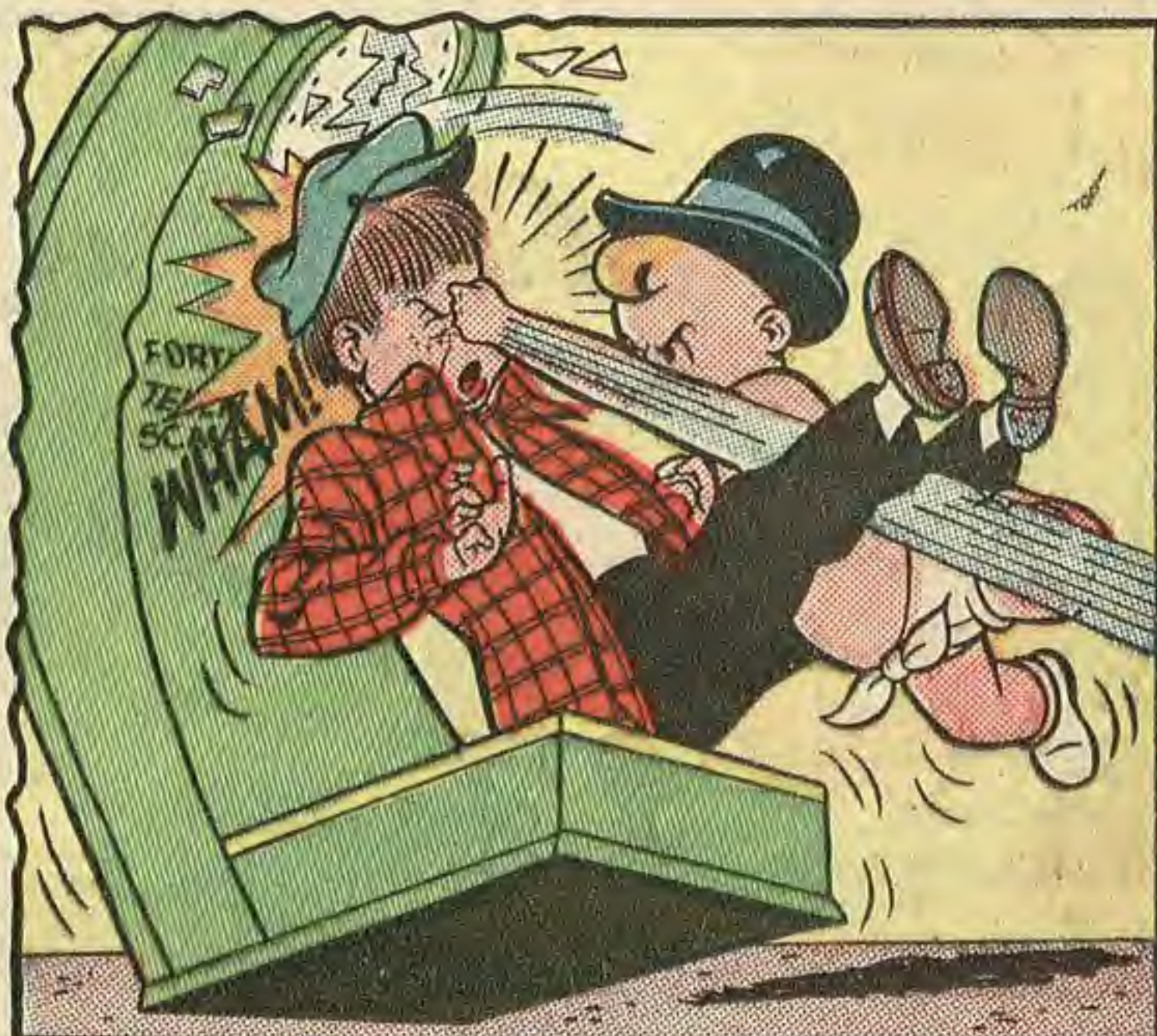
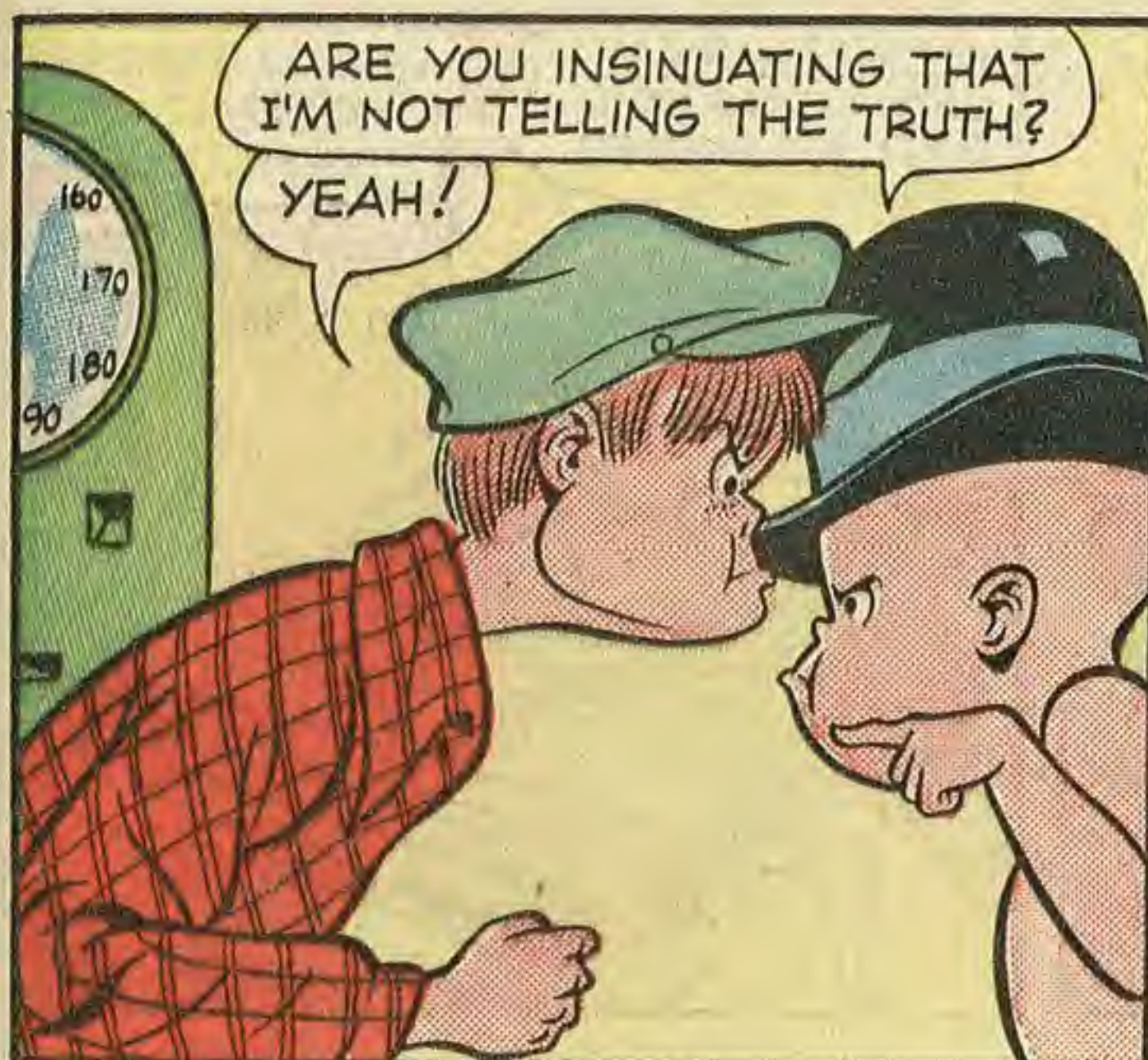
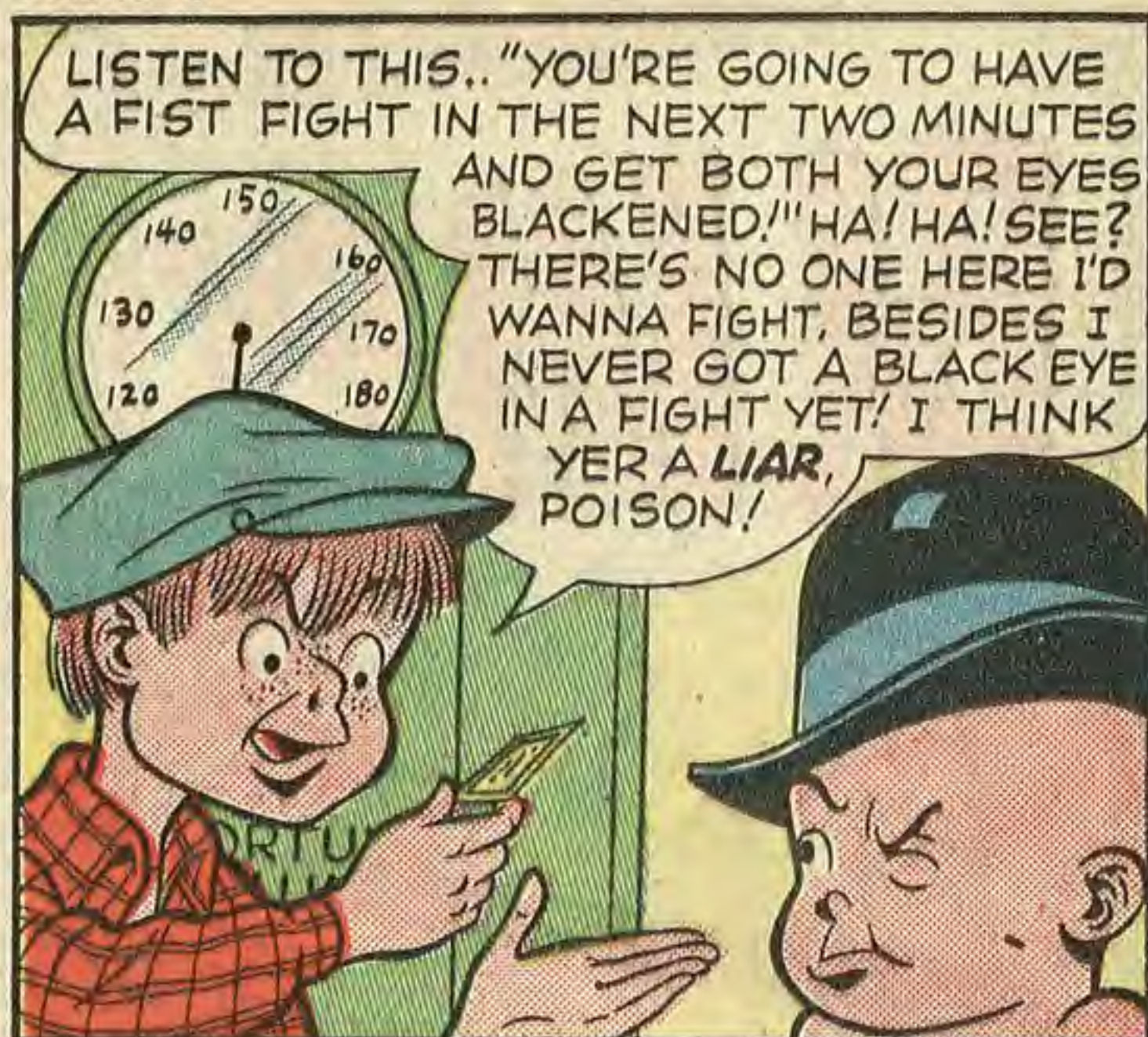
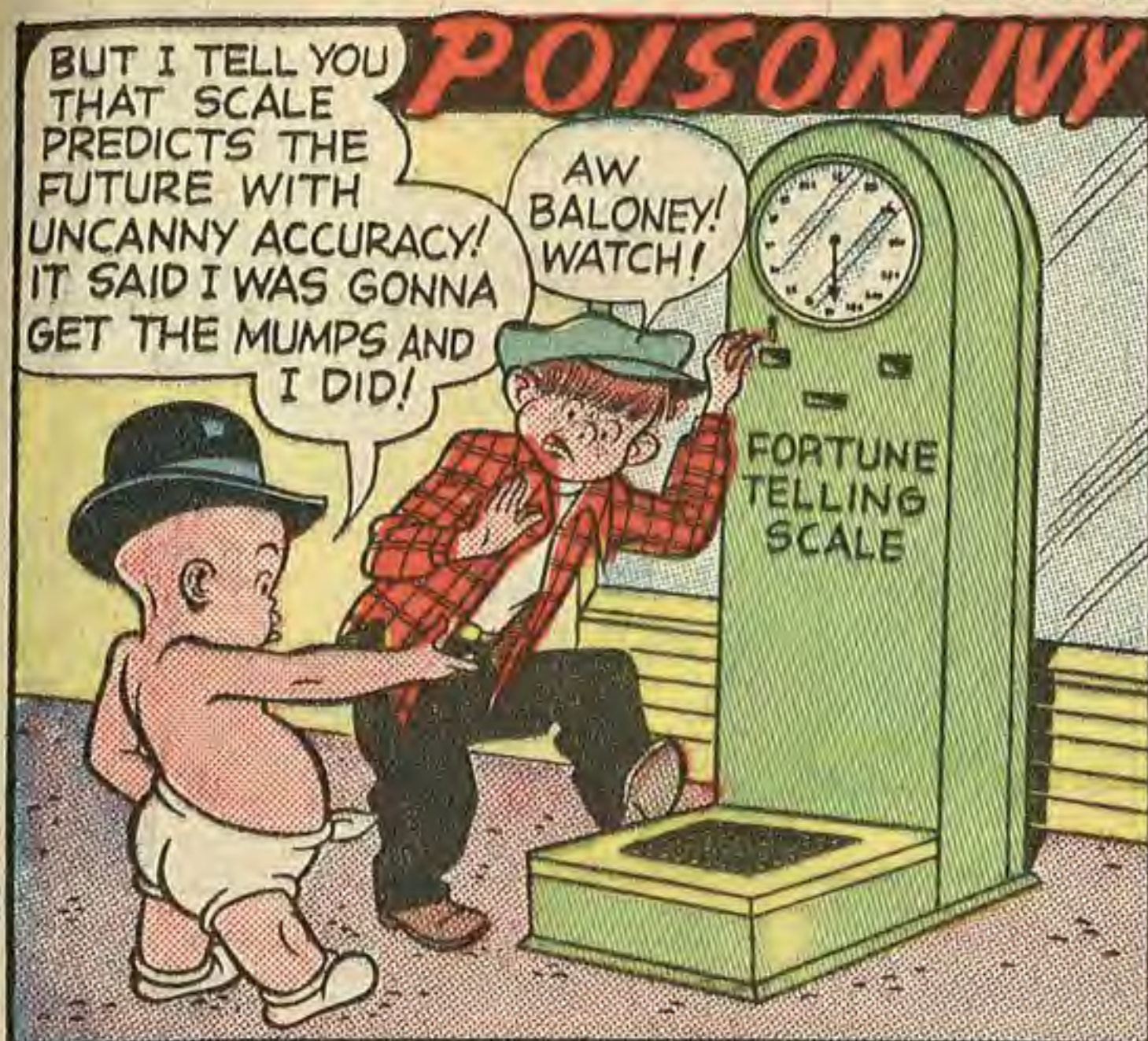
HMM! THE FINAL RETURNS INDICATE THAT MR. BALAN HAS BEEN ELECTED BY A MAJORITY OF...

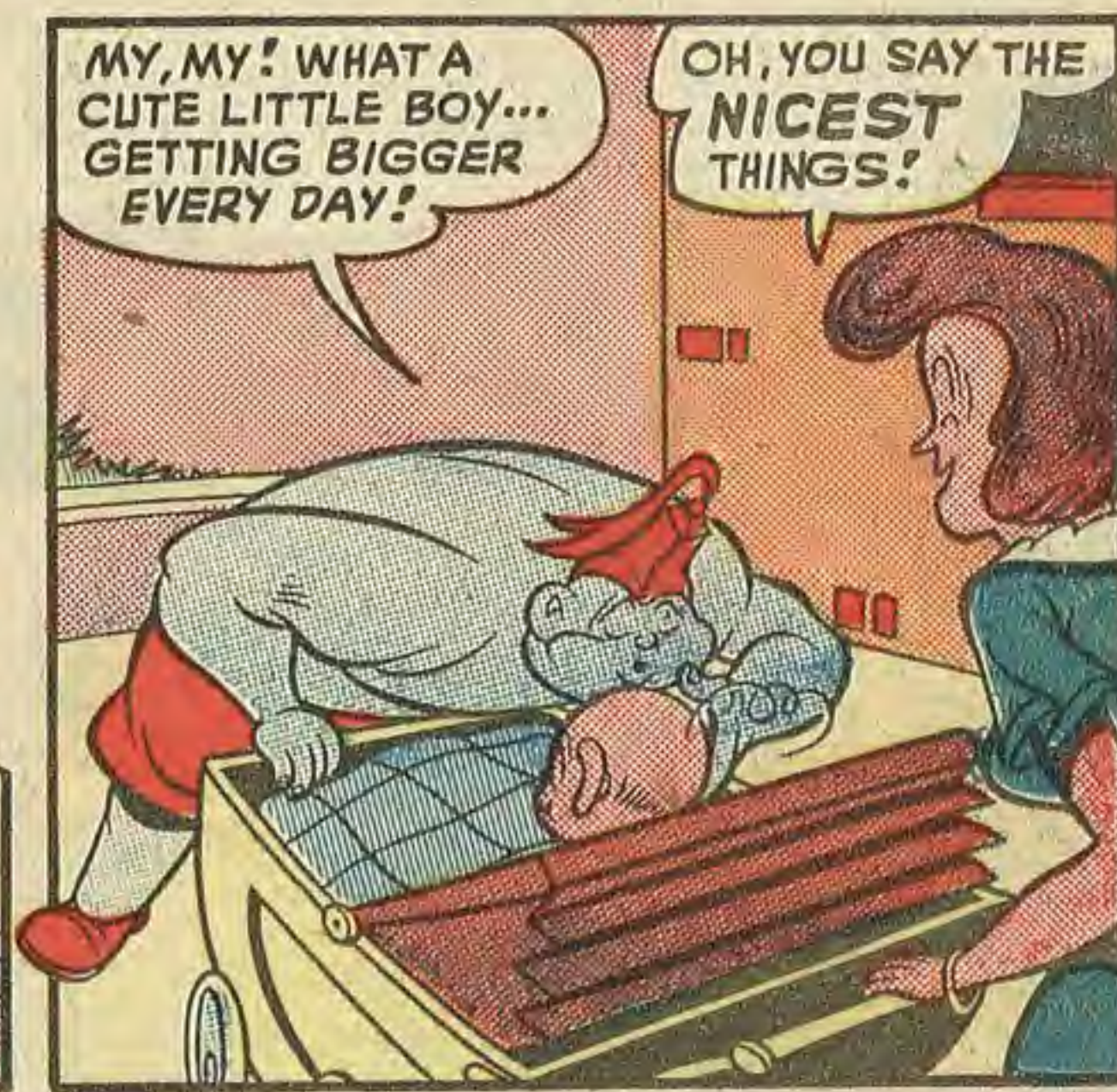
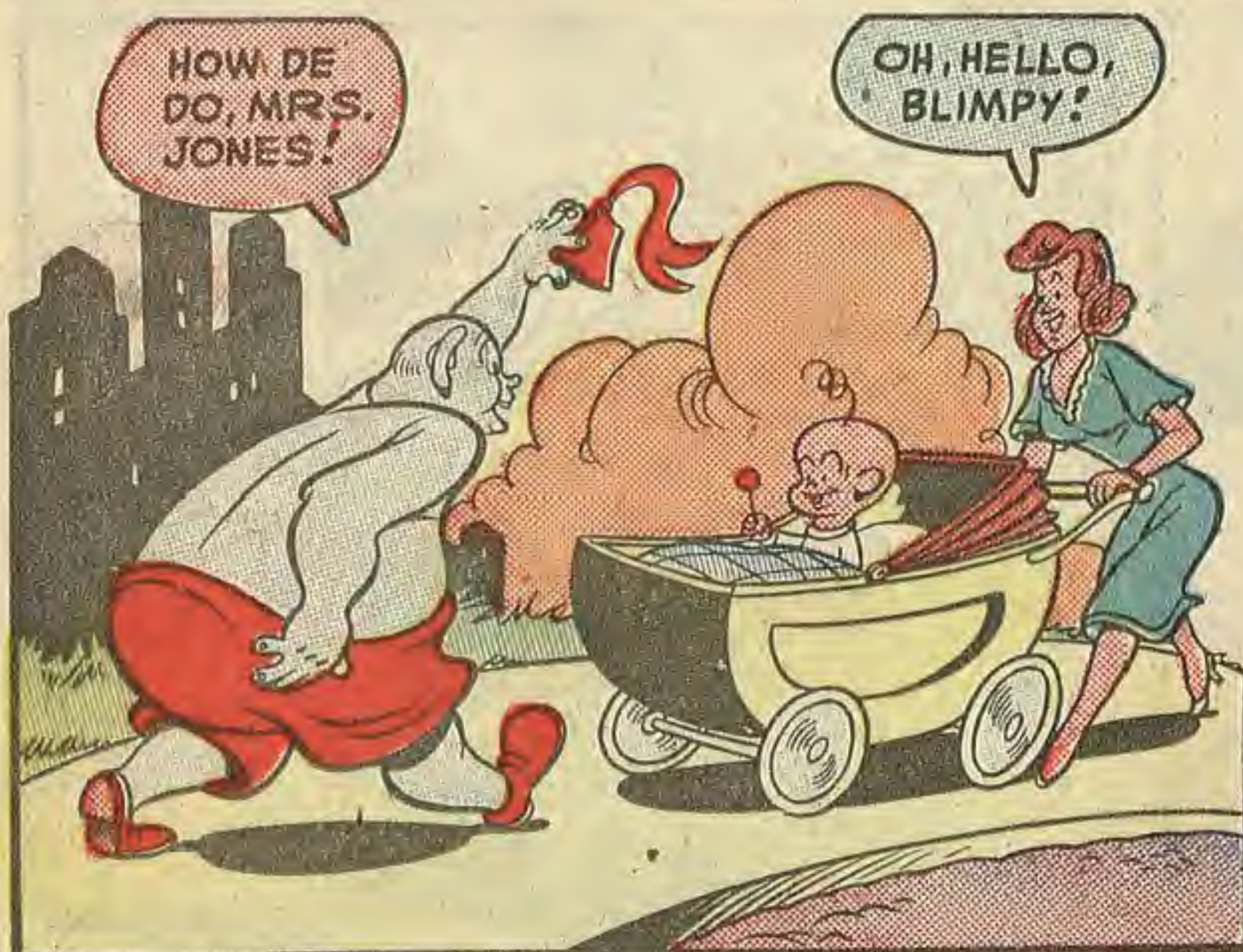
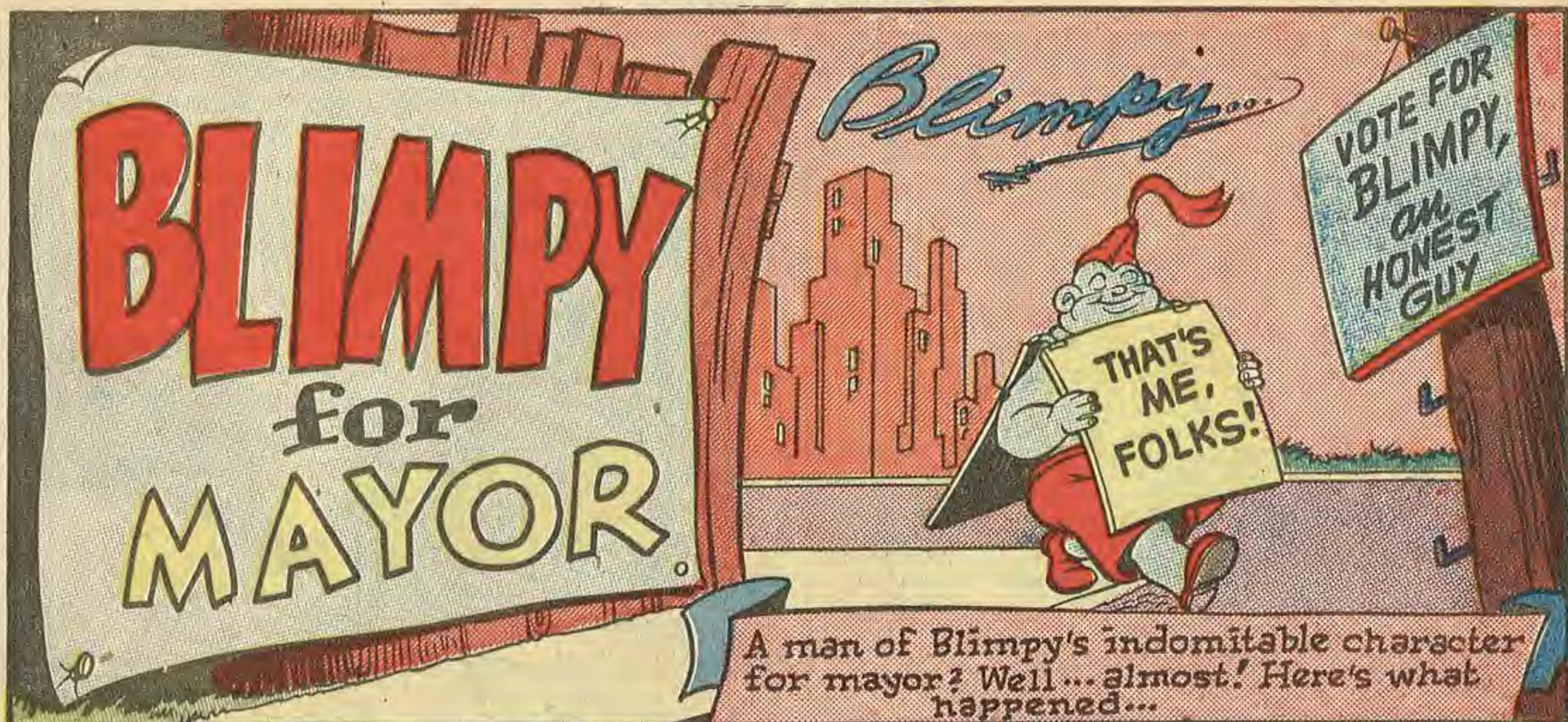
JUST A MINUTE, MR. COMMISSIONER!



BIG TOP







FEATURE COMICS

And so on, down the street...



HIYA, MURTAUGH!

NOT SO HOT, BLIMPY! NOTHING EVER HAPPENS ON THIS BEAT! SAME OLD MONOTONY FOR TWENTY-FIVE YEARS!



BUT, GOSH! YOU'RE A TRUE-BLUE PUBLIC SERVANT...A WORTHY REPRESENTATIVE OF THE LAW!



AND HE GETS ALONG WITH THE COPS, TOO! THAT SETTLES IT... HE'S OUR MAN!

HEY, YOU! GET IN THE CAR AND KEEP QUIET!



ER...GULP! I'M BEING KIDNAPPED?

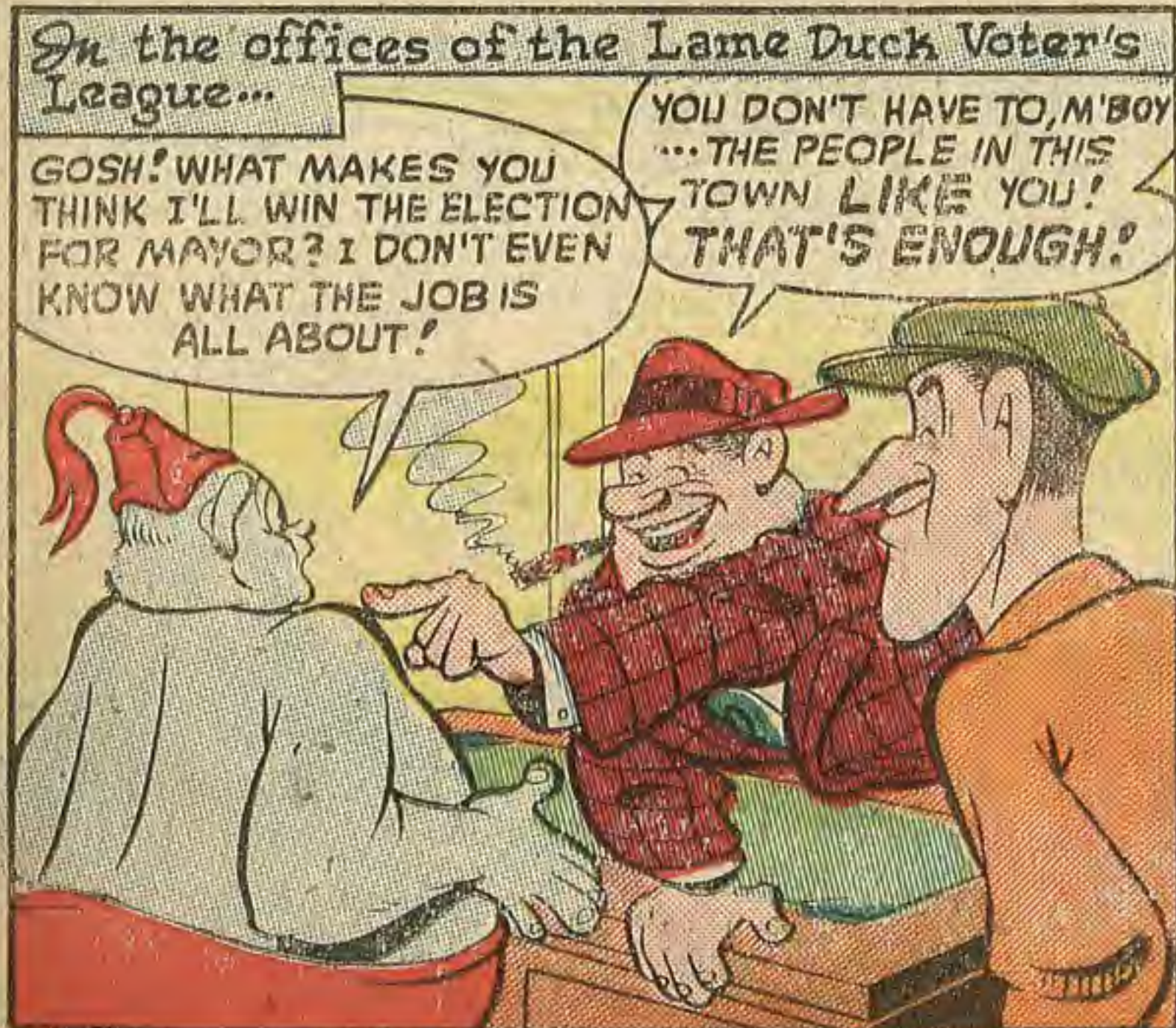
NO, YOU DOPE! YOU'RE GOING TO BE THIS TOWN'S NEXT MAYOR!



In the offices of the Lame Duck Voter's League...

GOSH! WHAT MAKES YOU THINK I'LL WIN THE ELECTION FOR MAYOR? I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT THE JOB IS ALL ABOUT!

YOU DON'T HAVE TO, M'BOY...THE PEOPLE IN THIS TOWN LIKE YOU! THAT'S ENOUGH!



WHEN IT COMES TO RUNNING THIS BURG, BOSS BENDER DETERMINES THE POLICY! EH, BOSS?

RIGHT!



FEATURE COMICS



As the campaign wheels begin to spin...



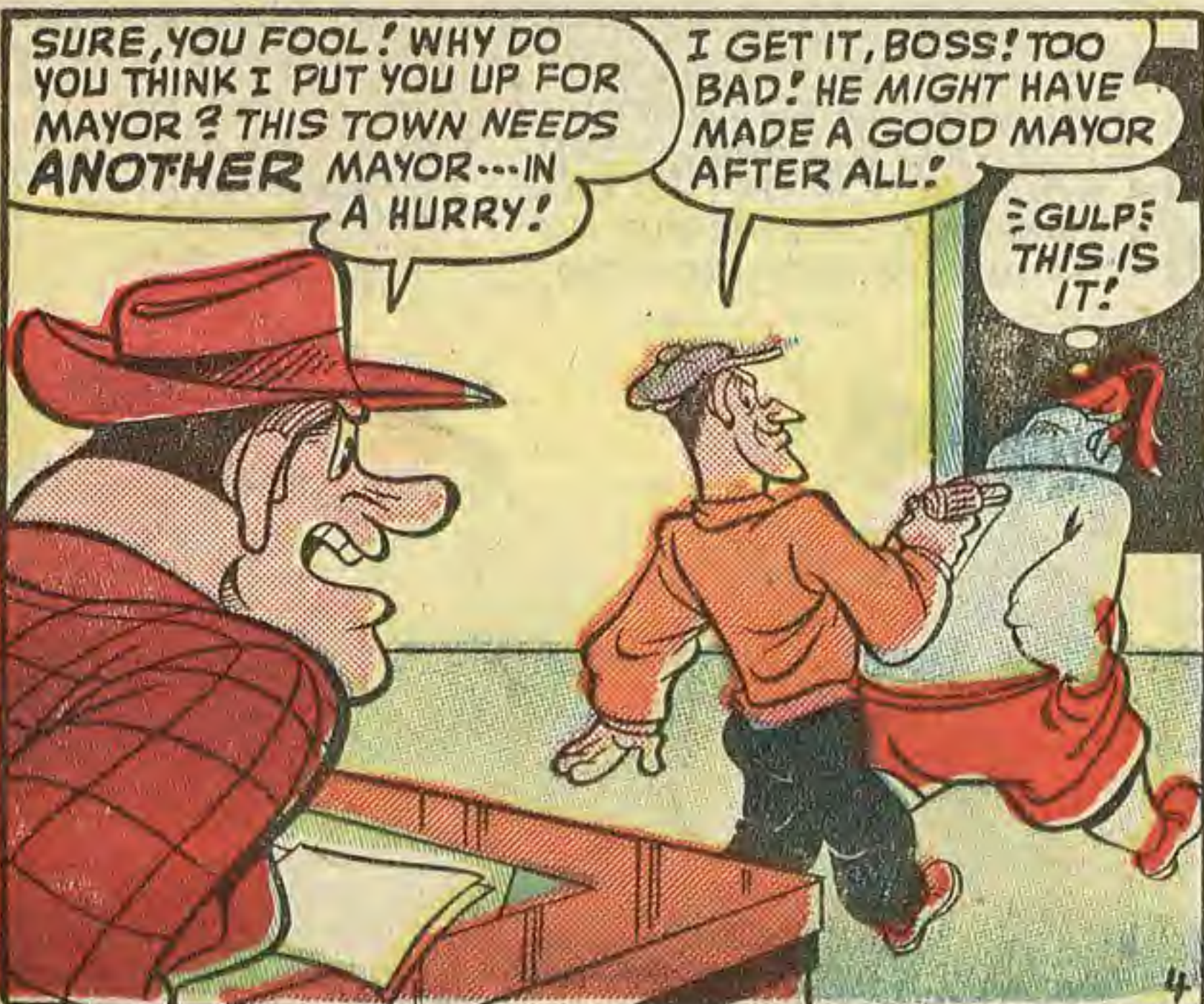
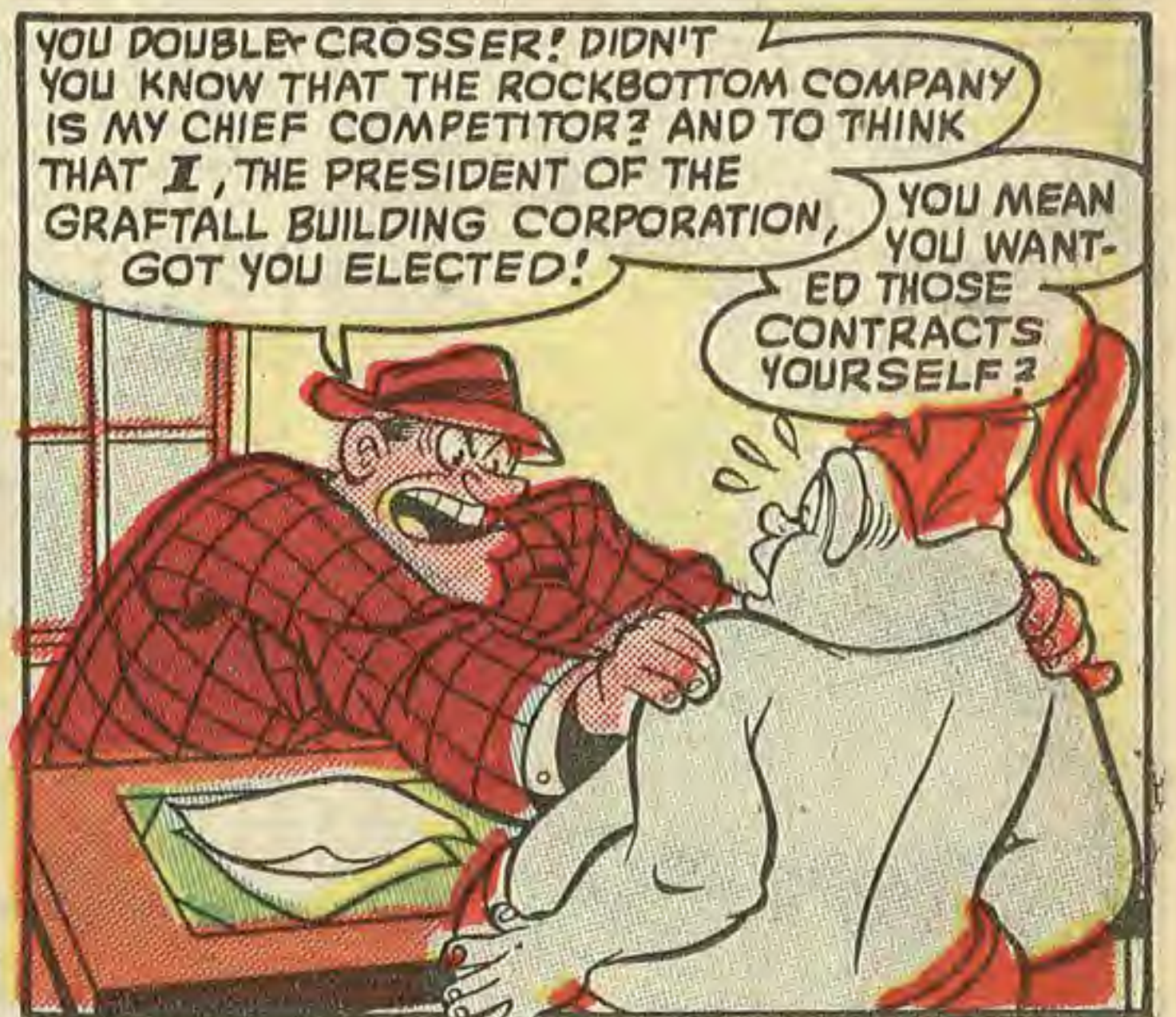
Meanwhile, in the offices of the Rockbottom Construction Company...



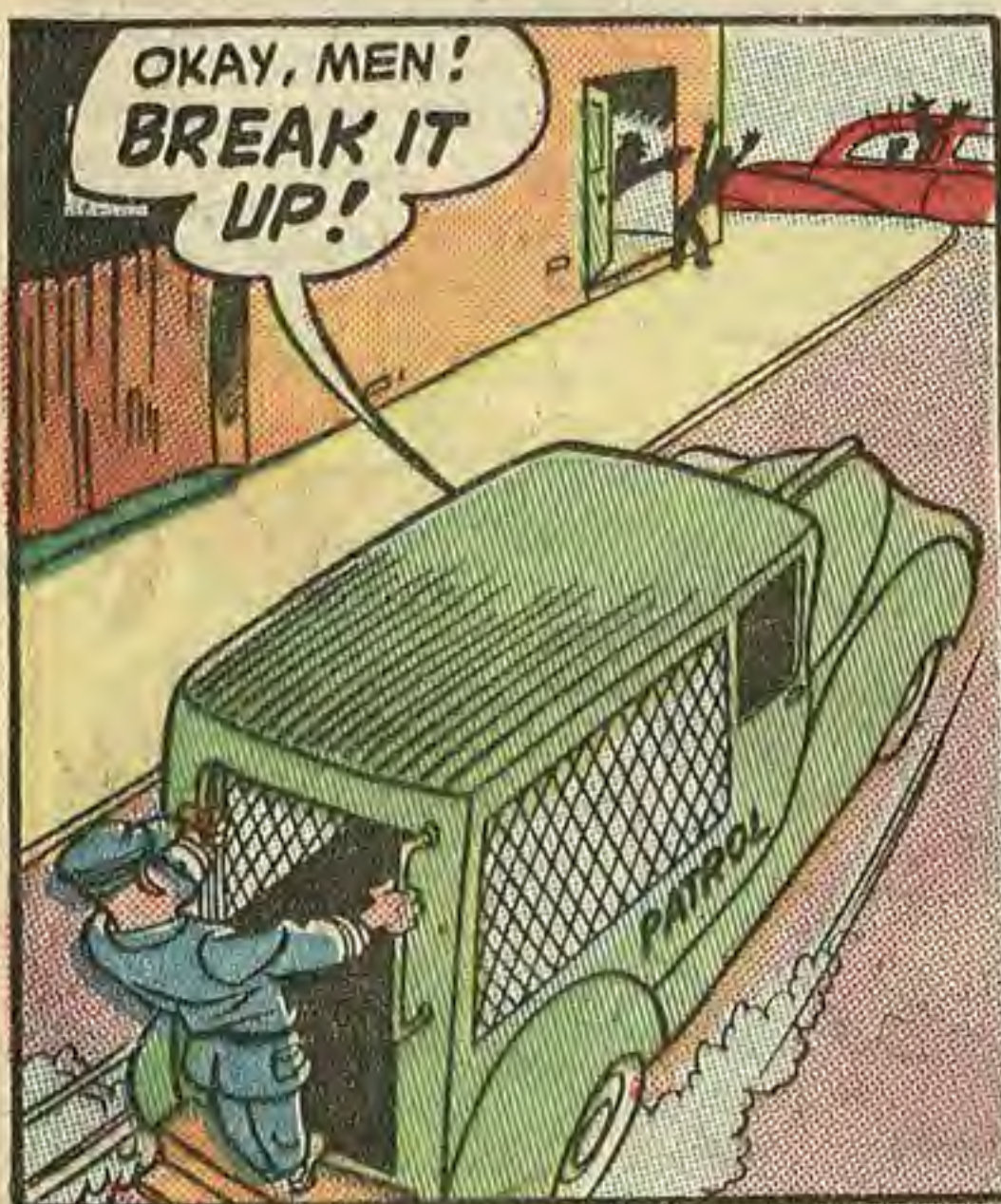
And two days later, Blimpy wins the election...



FEATURE COMICS



FEATURE COMICS



SWING SISSON



A night at the Clover Club...

SISSON, I LIKE YOUR STYLE! WILL THREE HUNDRED SMACKERS PAY FOR A PRIVATE PERFORMANCE TONIGHT?

NOT TONIGHT, MISTER! WE WON'T FINISH HERE UNTIL TWO!

WELL, COME AROUND AFTER-WARD! I WANT YOU TO SERENADE MY GIRL! THE ADDRESS IS 22 BLEEKER LANE, WITH NO CLOSE NEIGHBORS TO COMPLAIN!

HMM...ER...WHAT DO YOU SAY, TOBY?

WHY NOT? WE CAN ALL USE EXTRA DOUGH! BESIDES, I GO FOR THE NOVELTY OF THE STUNT, MR.---

CALL ME ROMEO--- ROMEO RAND! I'LL MEET YOU THERE A LITTLE AFTER TWO!





WHAT'S GOIN' ON HERE? STOP THAT RACKET, IN THE NAME OF THE LAW!

HOLD IT, GANG! IT LOOKS AS IF THIS JAM SESSION GOT US INTO A JAM WE DIDN'T EXPECT!



GREAT DAY IN THE MORNIN', IT'S SWING SISSON! WHAT'S THE IDEA OF WAILIN' LIKE A BUNCH OF BANSHEES IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT?

I CAN EXPLAIN, OFFICER O'TOOLE! WE WERE HIRED TO SERENADE THIS HOUSE!



SERENADE? SURE, AND WHY WOULD YOU BE SERENADIN' J. WALLINGTON WOOFLE, THE BILLIONAIRE PICKLE KING? IF IT'S A PRACTICAL JOKE YOU'RE PLAYIN'---

WOOFLE? YOU MEAN, ~~HE~~ LIVES HERE? OH, MURDER!



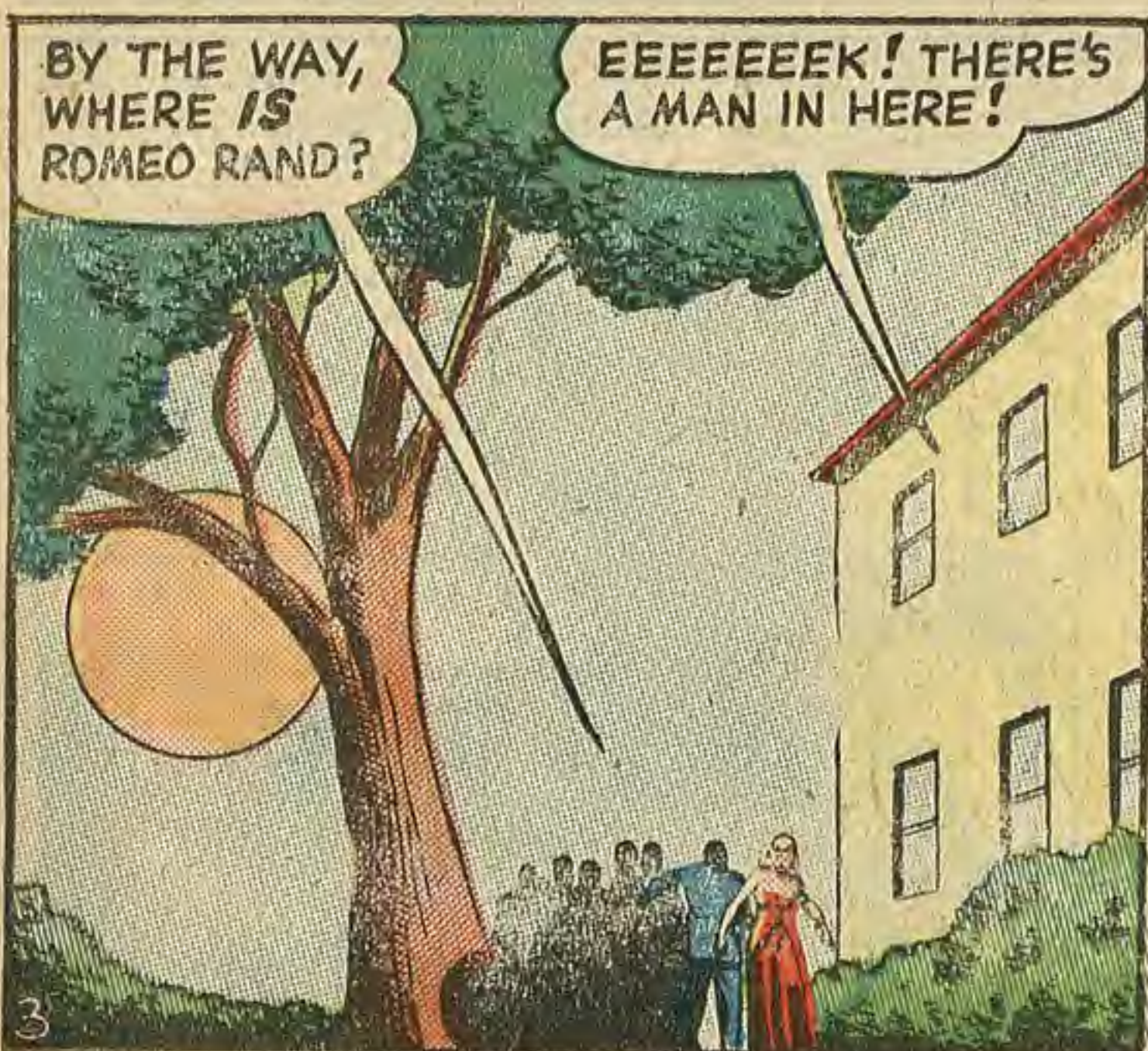
OFFICER, WHO ARE THESE IDIOTS? ARREST THE WHOLE KIT AND CABOODLE OF 'EM FOR DISTURBING THE PEACE!

THERE'S BEEN A MISTAKE, SIR! ARE YOU MR. WOOFLE?



YES, AND I'M HIS SISTER TABITHA... AND I'M COMING DOWN TO GIVE YOU YOUNG HOODLLIMS A PIECE OF MY MIND!

A BILIOUS OLD BILLIONAIRE AND TABBY, HIS OLD-MAID SISTER! ROMEO RAND MUST HAVE A GRUDGE AGAINST US, TO GET US IN THIS MESS!



BY THE WAY, WHERE IS ROMEO RAND?

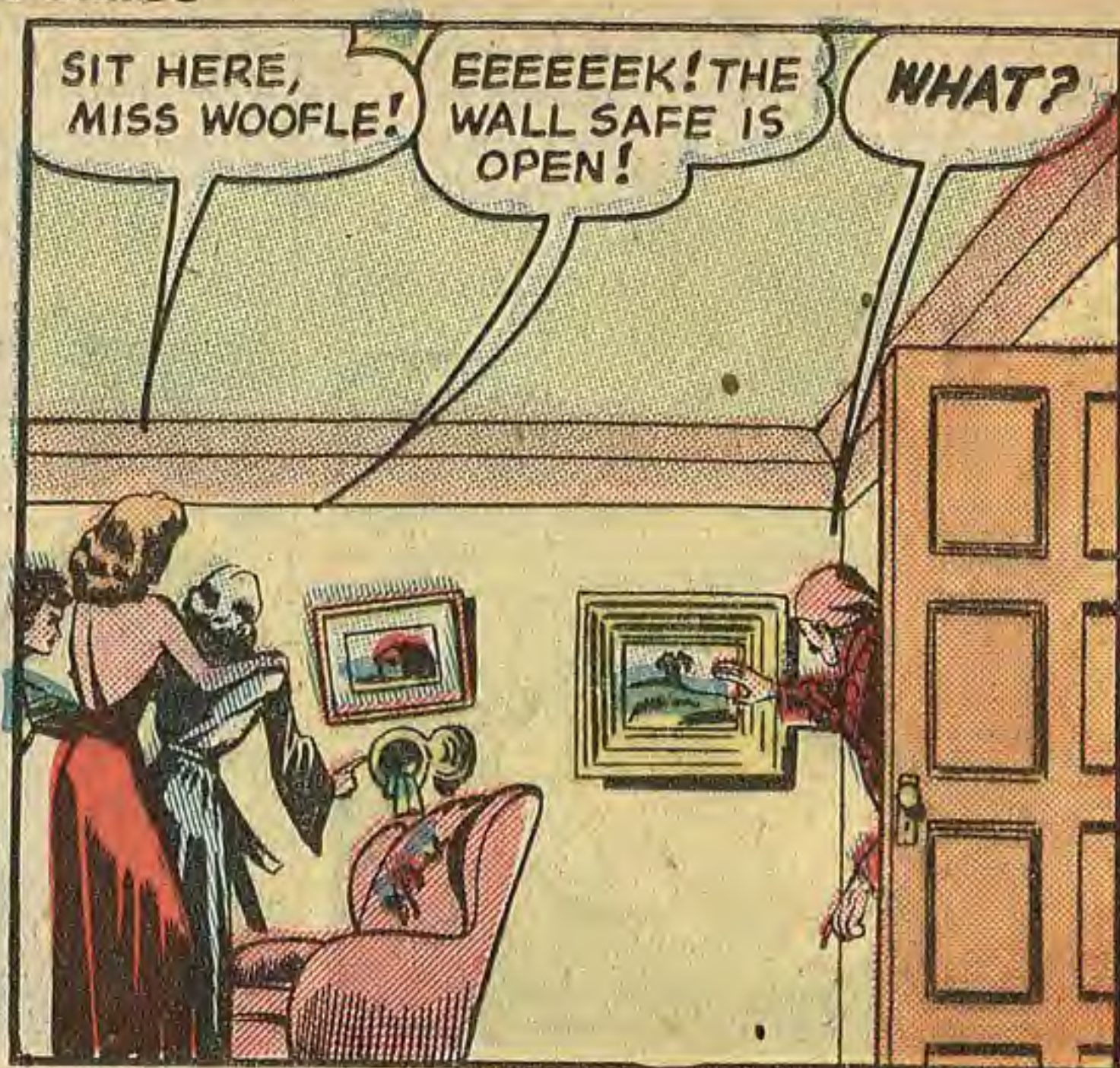
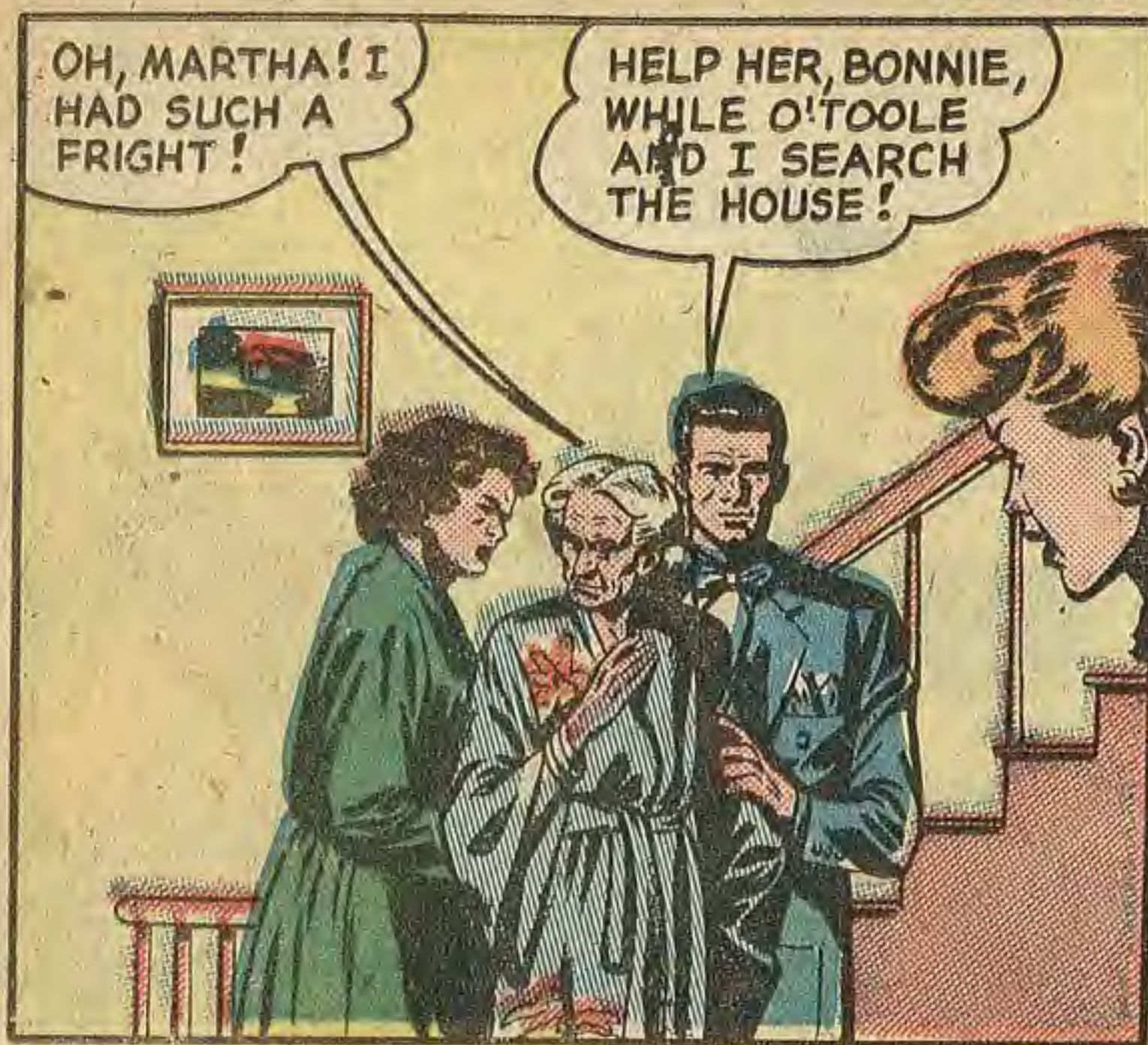
EEEEEEEEK! THERE'S A MAN IN HERE!

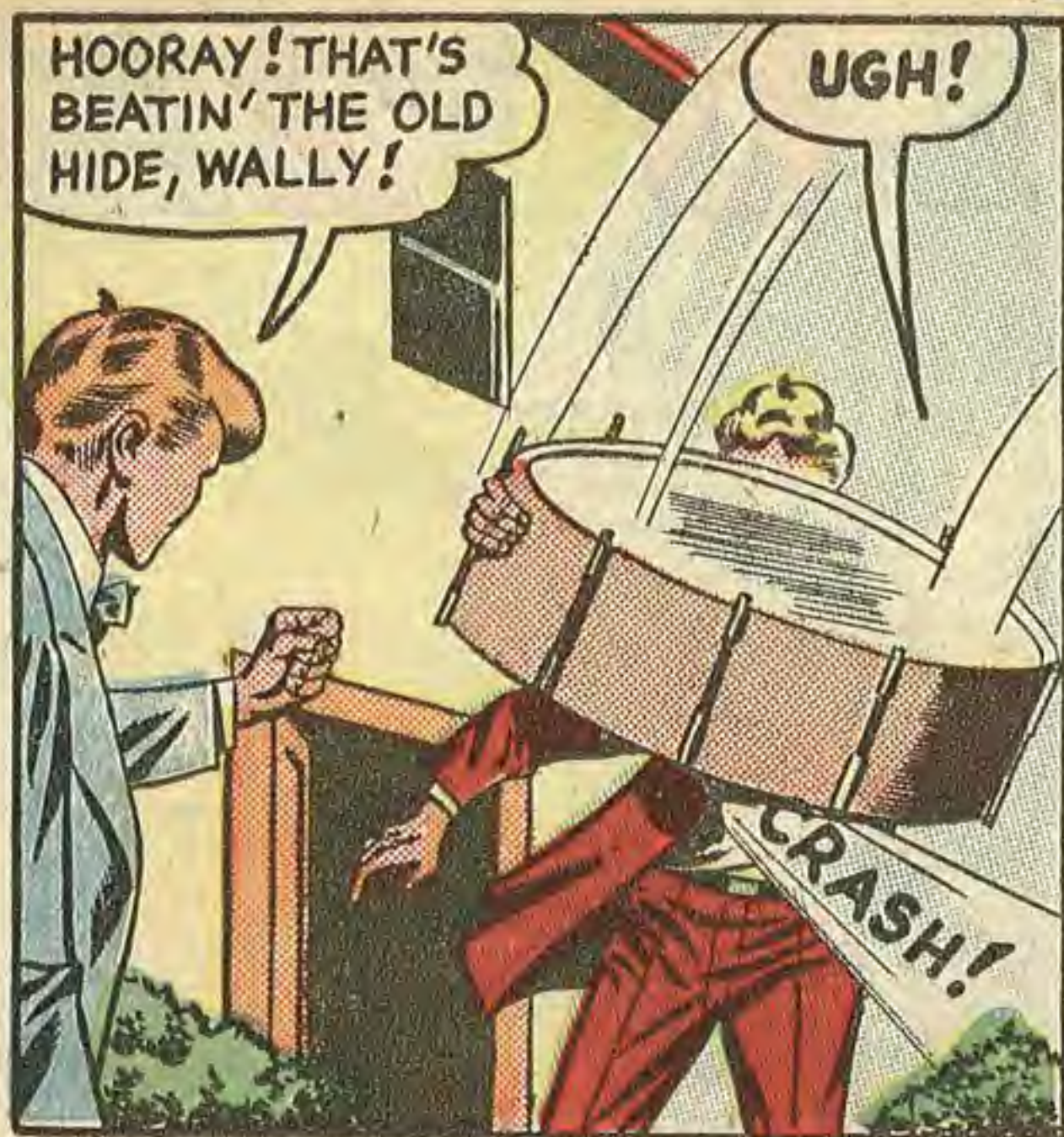


SHADES OF SATAN, IT'S THE LADY... IN TROUBLE!

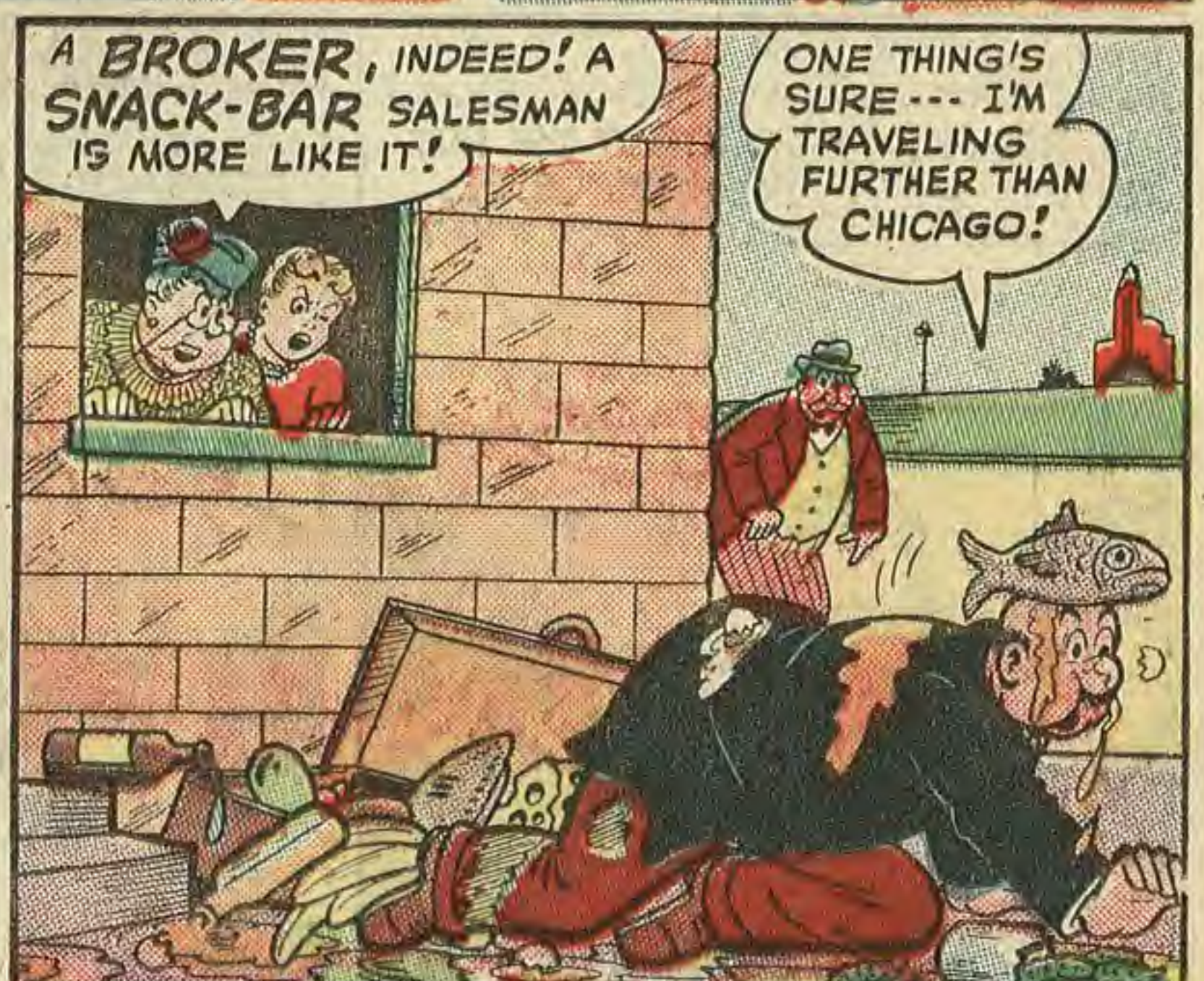
SURROUND THE HOUSE, GANG! DON'T LET ANYONE ESCAPE!

FEATURE COMICS

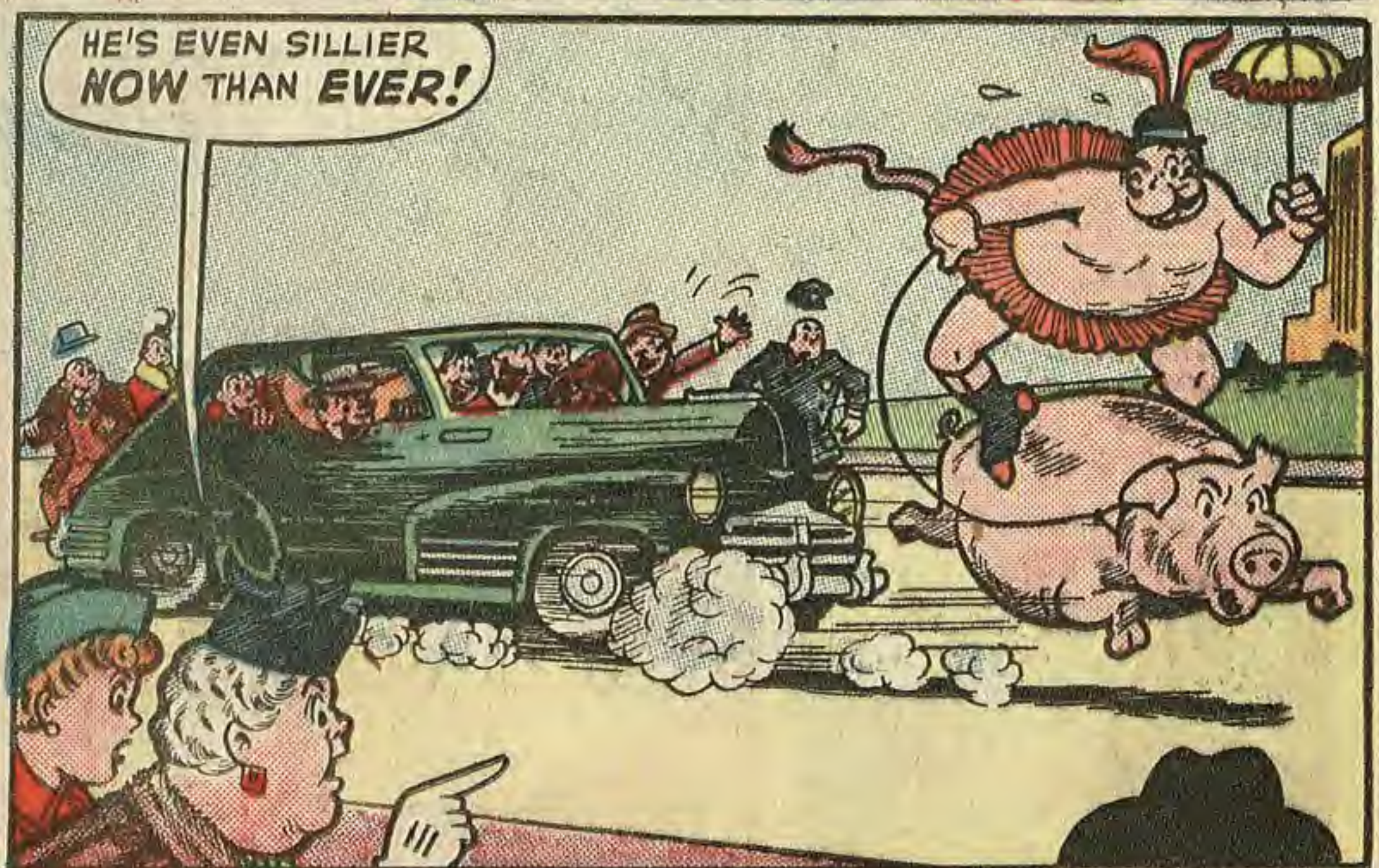
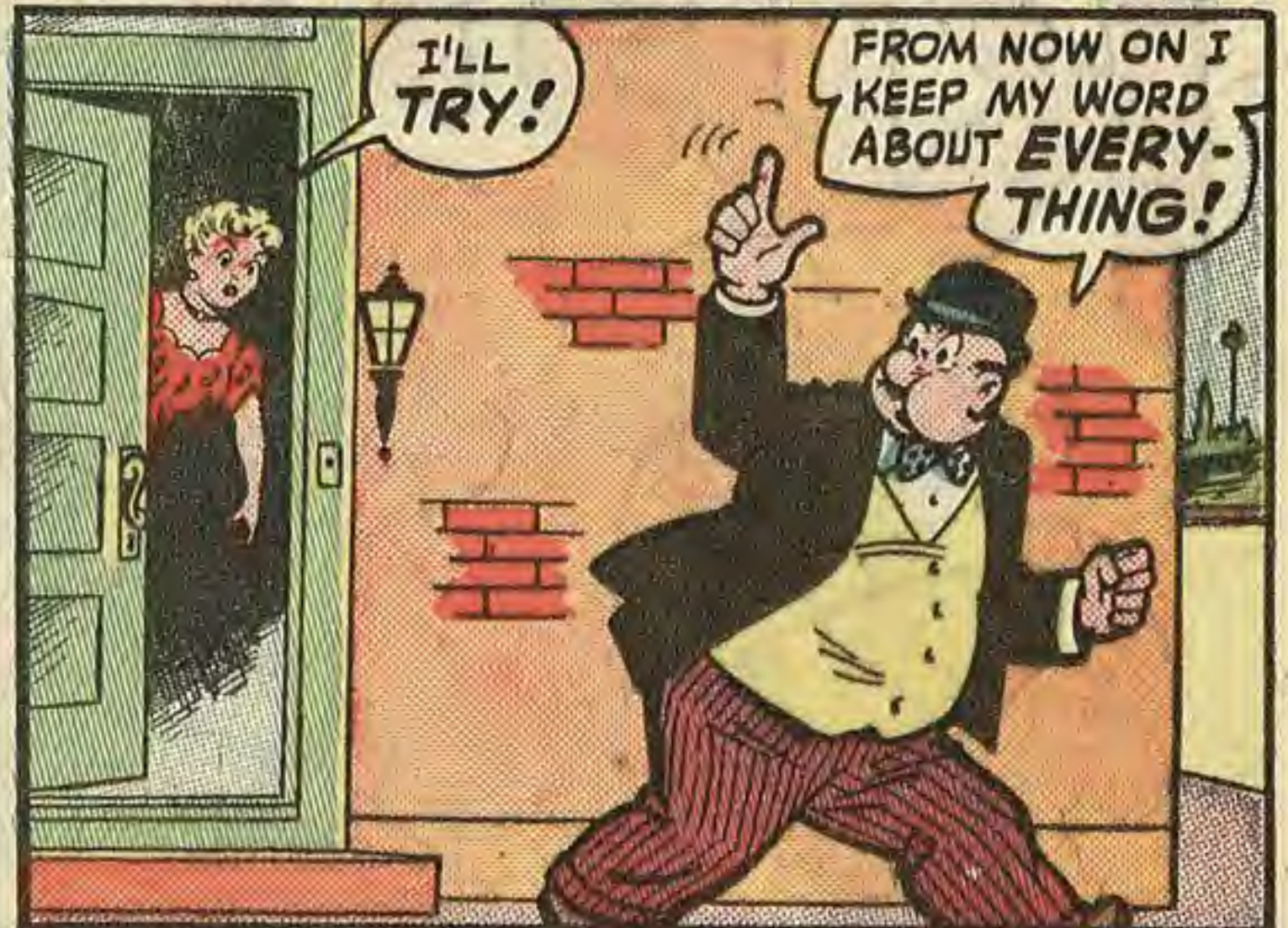




LALA PALOOZA



LALA PALOOZA



RUSTY RYAN

OFF WITH
THEIR HEADS!
ER, NO... ON
SECOND THOUGHT,
MAKE THEM
GENERALS!

South America
contains more unex-
plored jungle than any other conti-
nent! And more **SURPRISES**, too,
when our friends Rusty, Pierpont,
and Alababa are doing the exploring!

A trail in the upper
jungles of the country
of Piranha...

THIS TERRITORY
IS SUPPOSED TO
HAVE THE FIERCEST
NATIVES IN THE
WORLD!

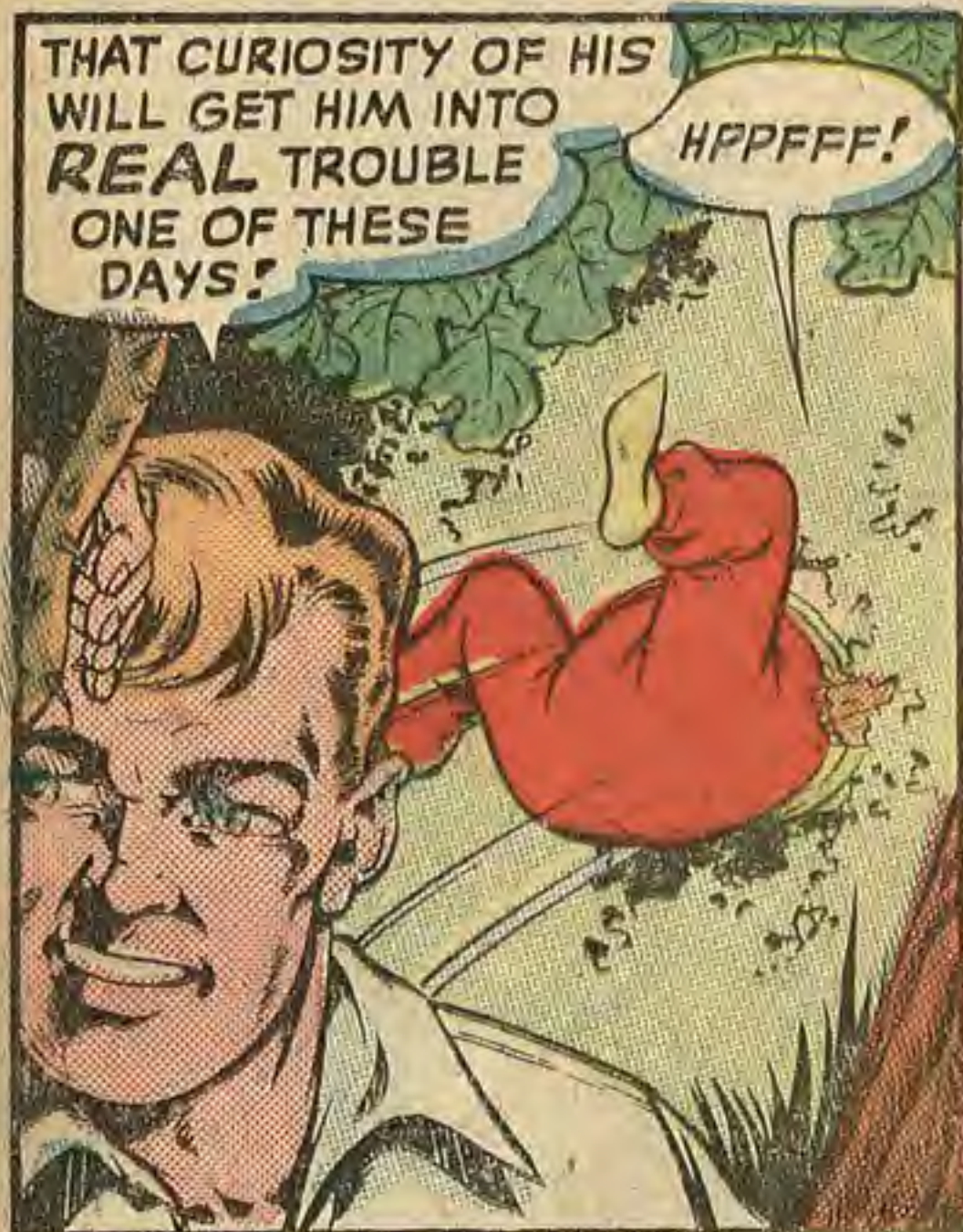
Y-YO
DON'T
SAY,
MISTAH
RUSTY!

SAY! WHEN WE GET BACK
FROM HERE WE CAN GO ON
A LECTURE TOUR
AND CLEAN UP
A FORTUNE!

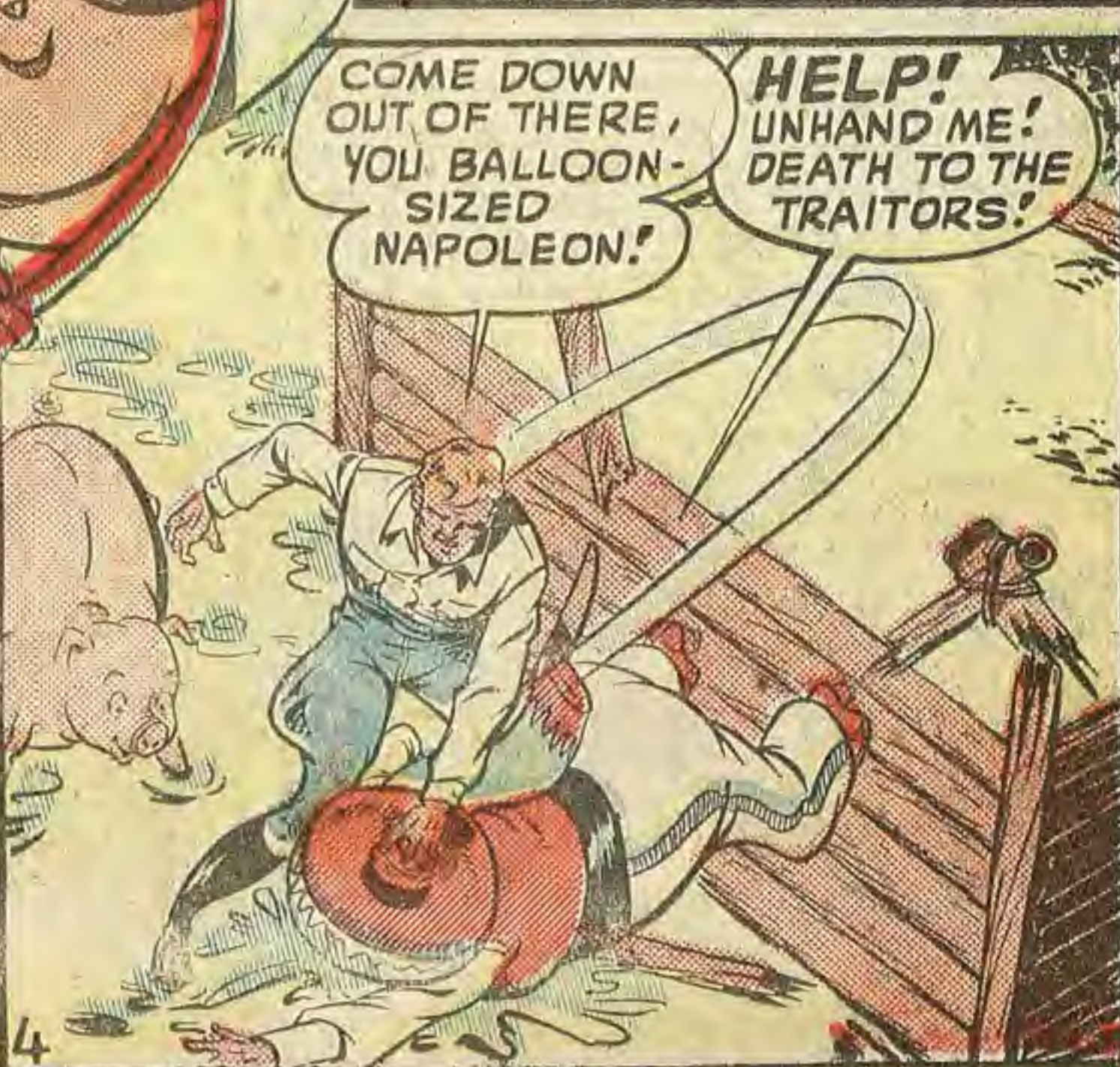
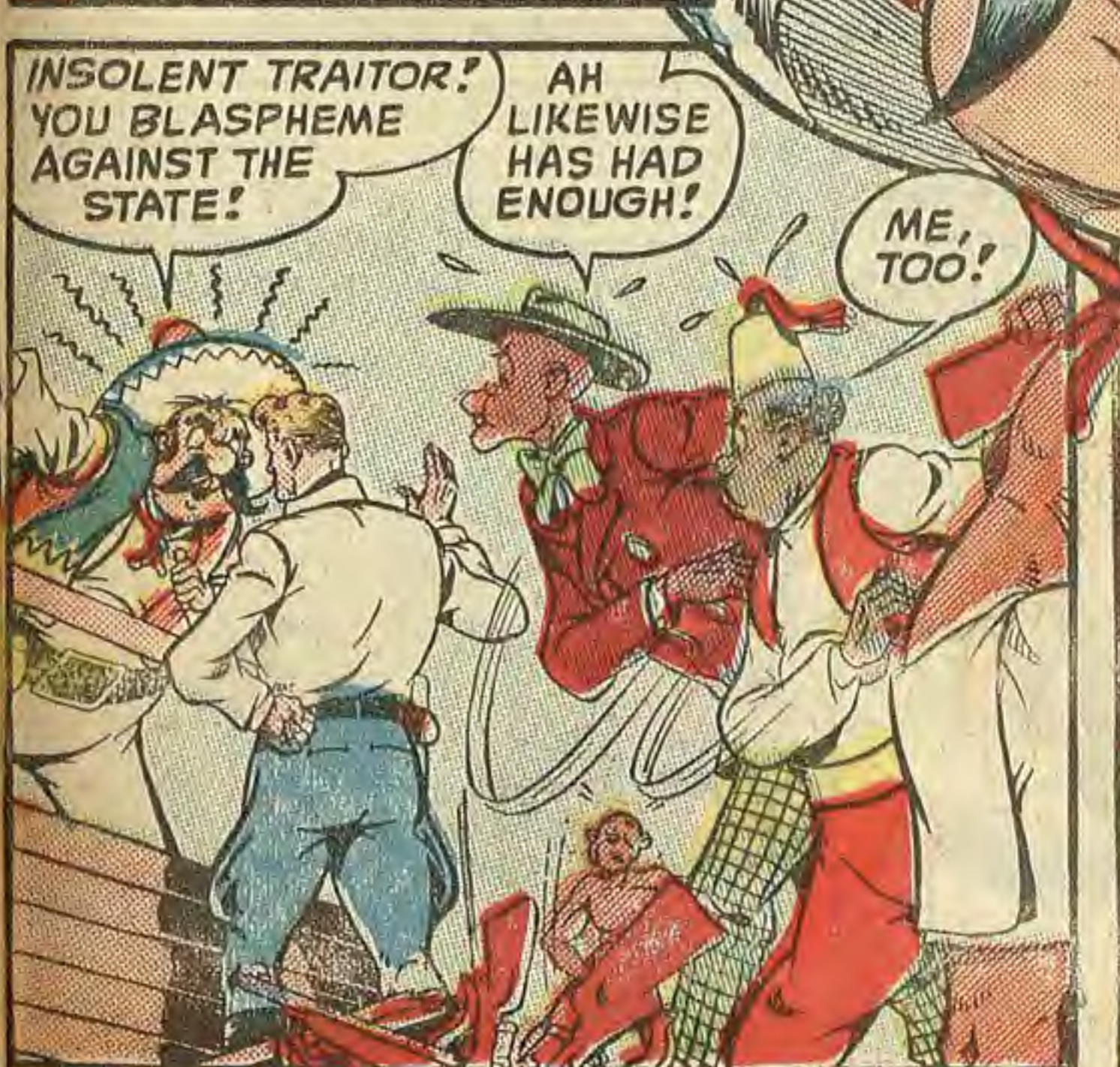
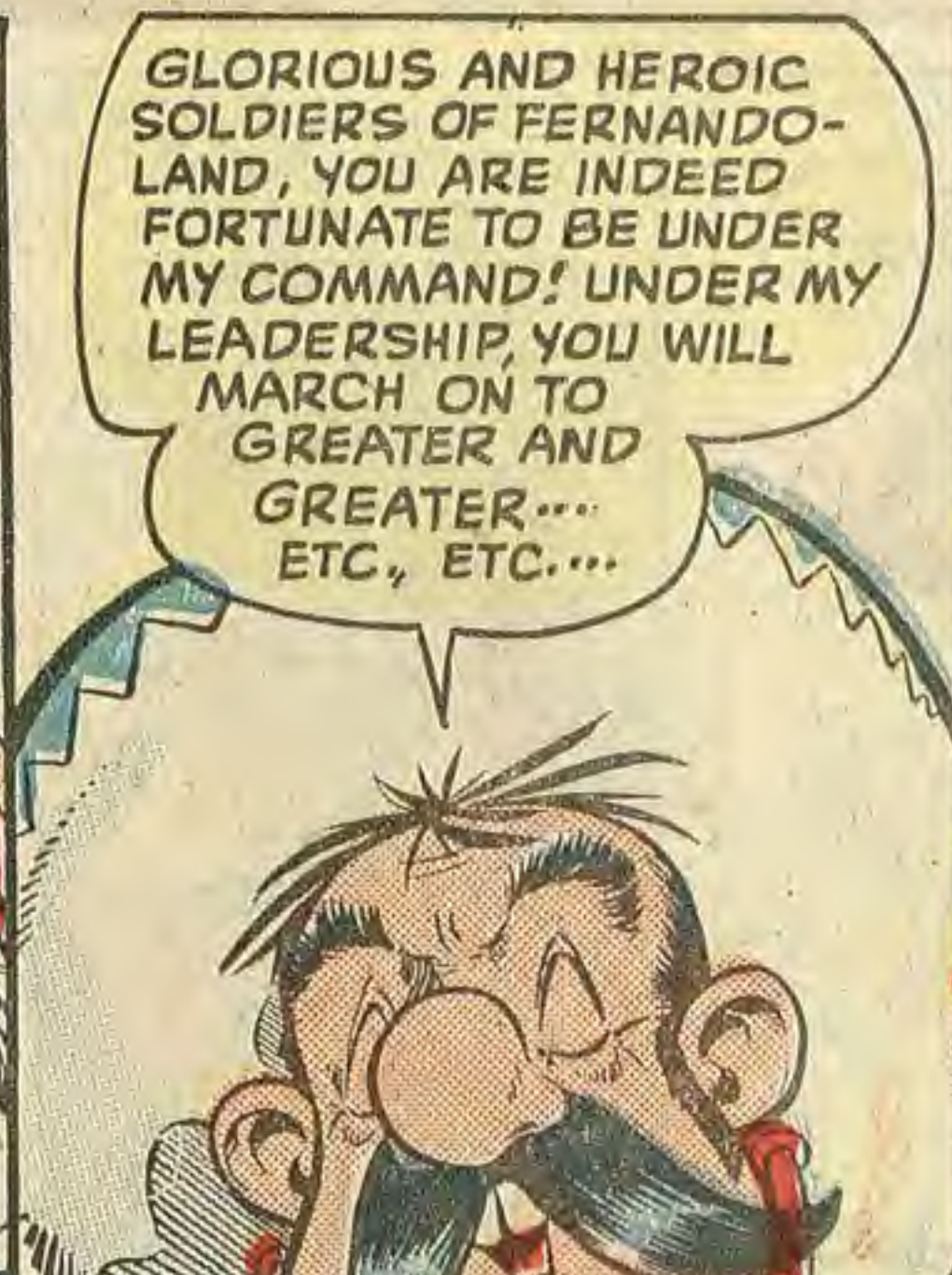
MAYBE
SO,
ALABABA!

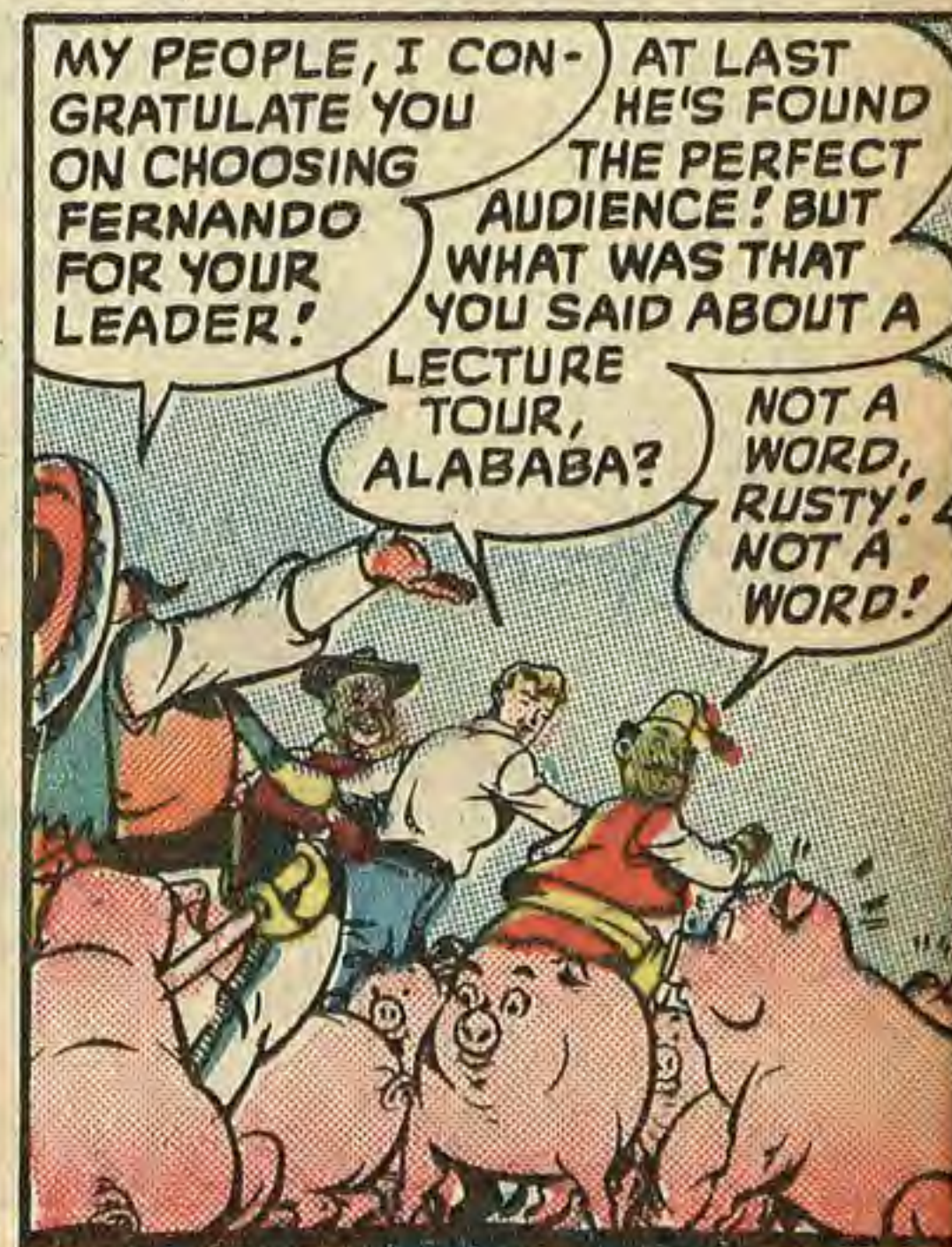
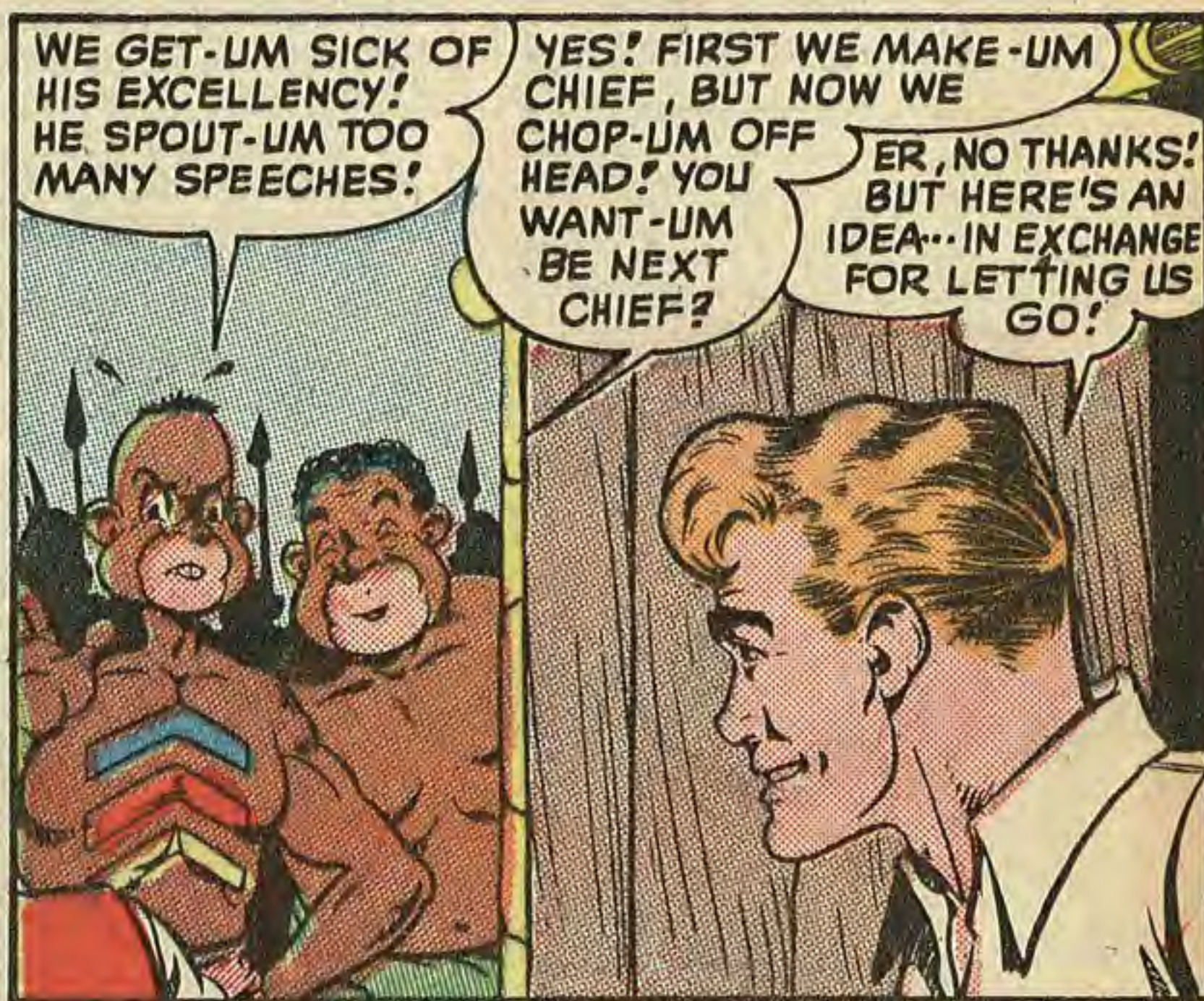
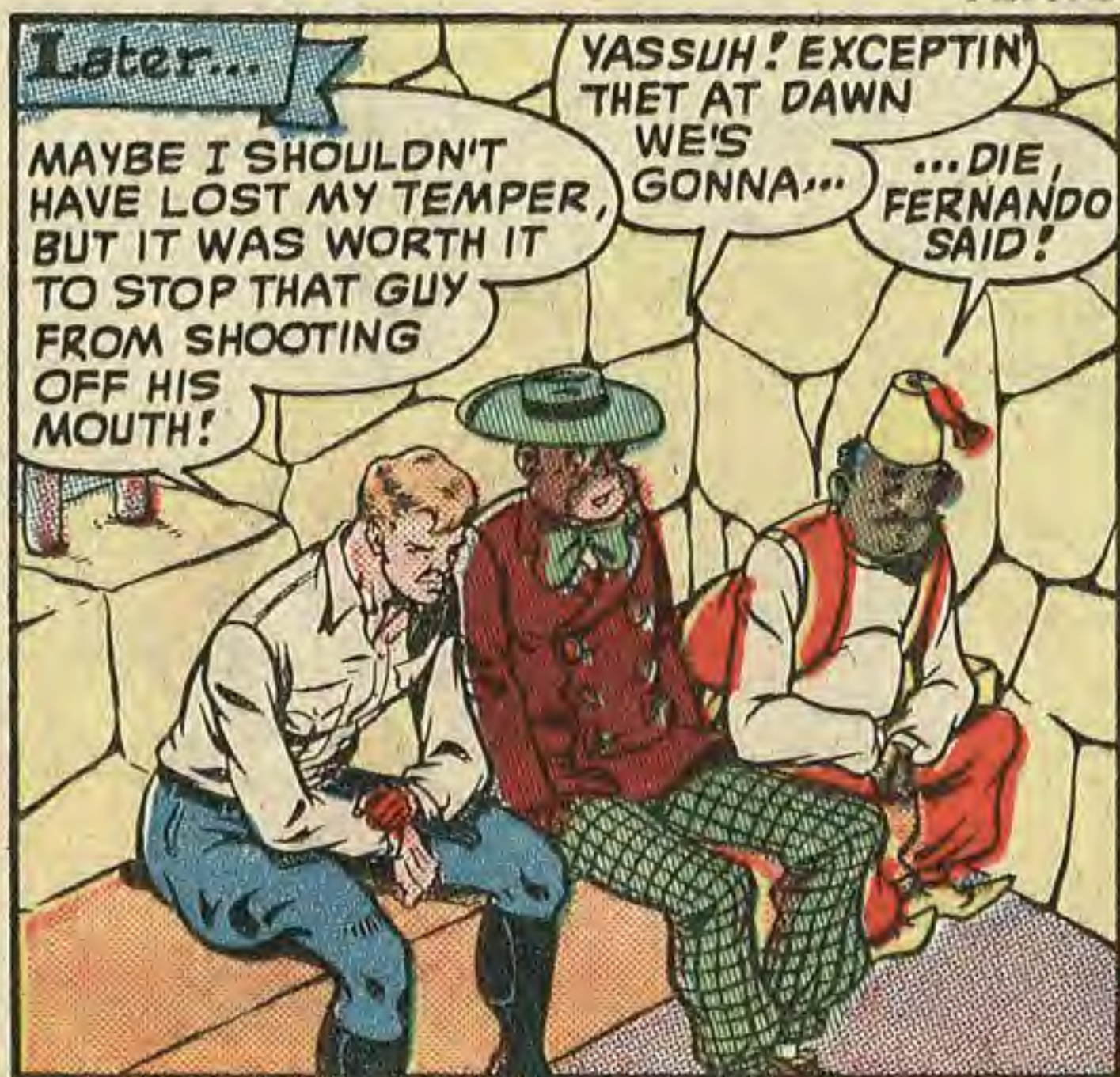
WHAT DO YOU
THINK, PIERPONT?

AH COULD
STAND MORE
SMOOTH TALKIN'
AN' LESS ROUGH
WALKIN'!
UMMFF!





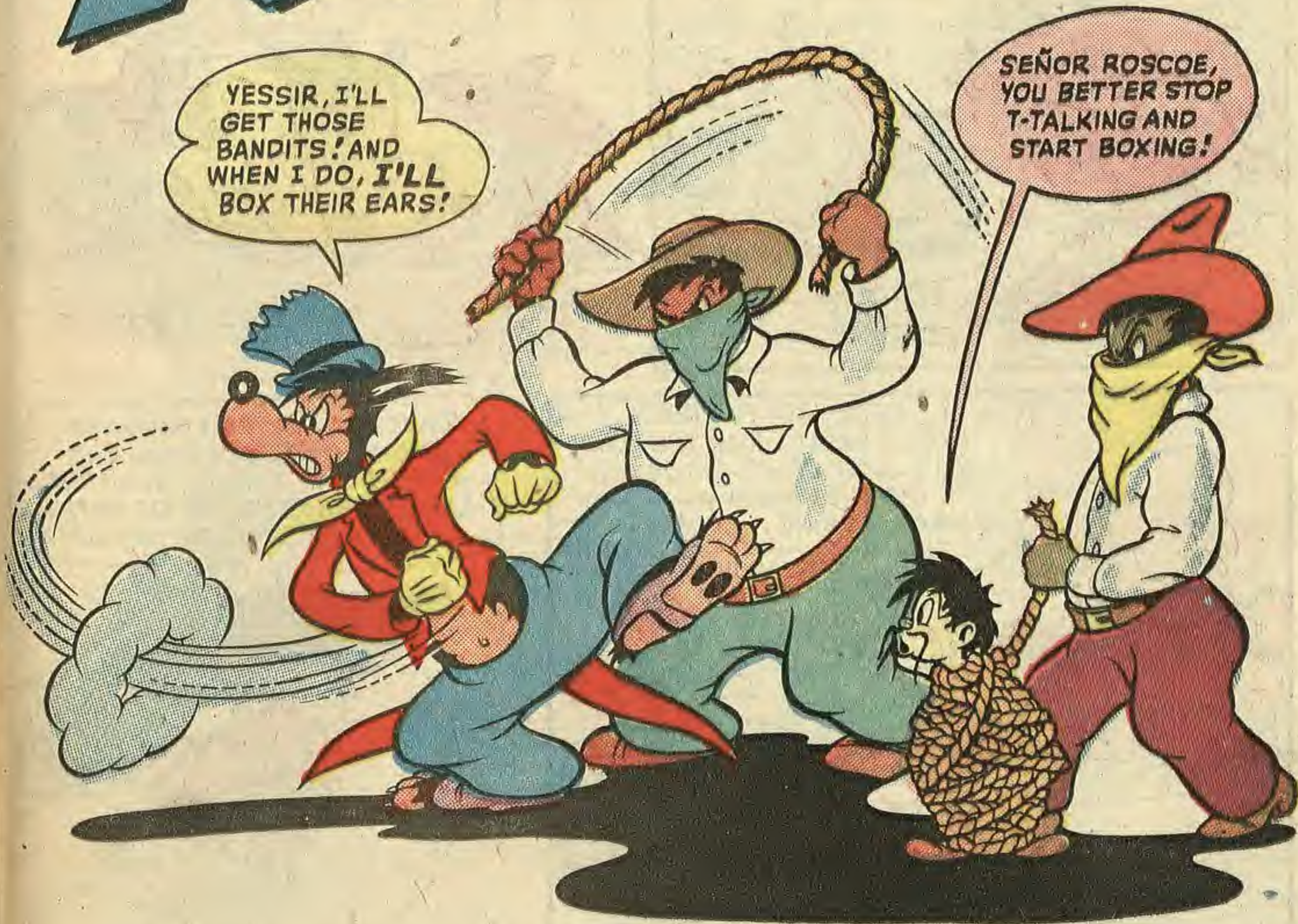




ROSCOE

YESSIR, I'LL
GET THOSE
BANDITS! AND
WHEN I DO, I'LL
BOX THEIR EARS!

SEÑOR ROSCOE,
YOU BETTER STOP
T-TALKING AND
START BOXING!



THIS LOOKS LIKE A
PEACEFUL LITTLE
TOWN, EL POPO!
LET'S STOP FOR A
WHILE AND REST!

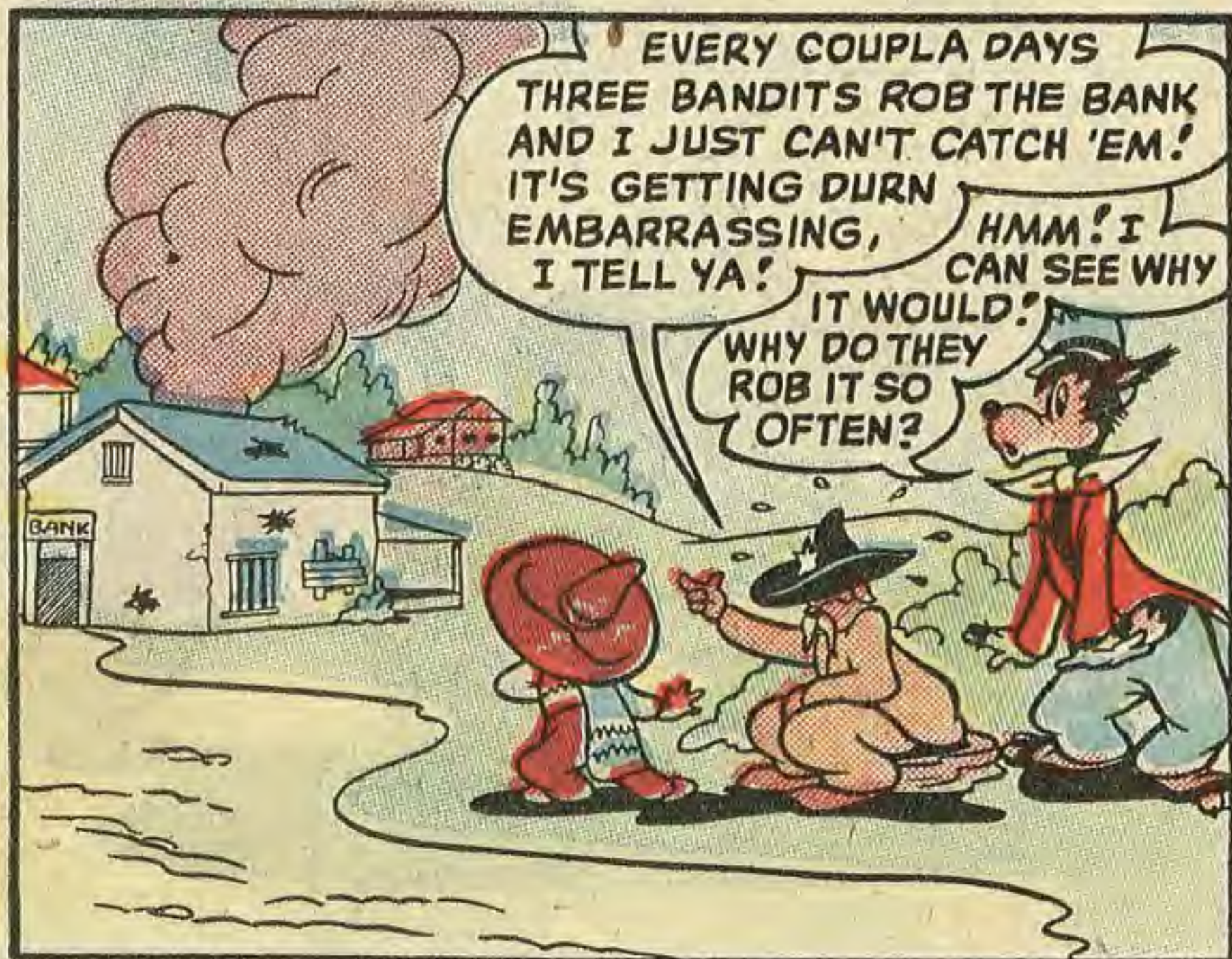
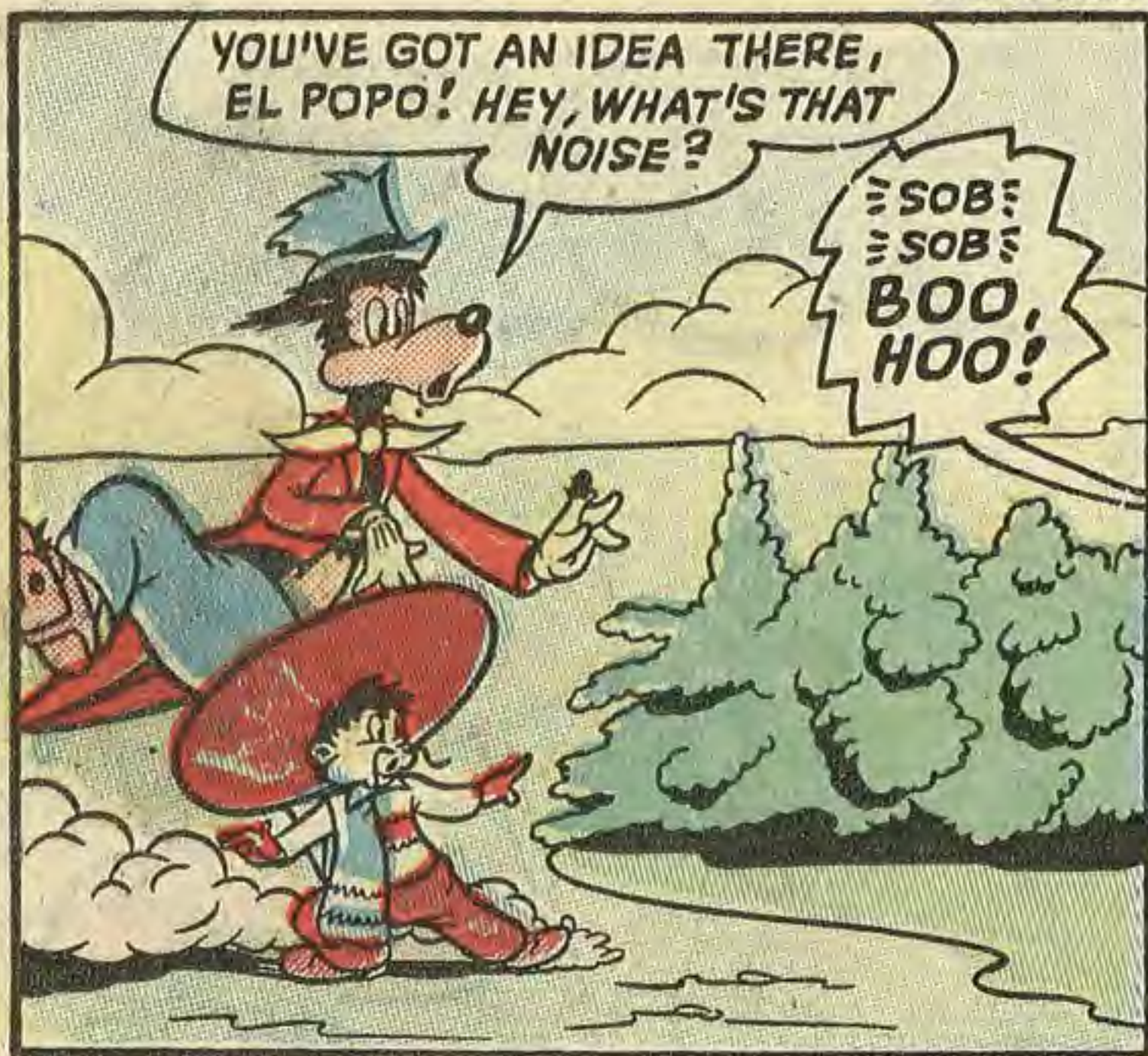
EEF WE STAY HERE
TOO LONG, WE MAY
**REST EEN
PEACE**, SEÑOR
ROSCOE!



DON'T BE RIDICULOUS!
BUT...ER, SAY...THIS HERE
VILLAGE IS SORTA LOUD,
ISN'T IT?

QUEECK, SEÑOR!
WE LEAVE PRONTO!





THEY GO TO GUNMEN'S GULCH AFTER EACH ROBBERY, BUT I CAN'T GO DOWN THERE AN' GET 'EM ALONE! SO SUPPOSE YOU GUARD THE BANK, AND WHEN THEY COME AGAIN JUST FIRE THREE WARNING SHOTS AND WE'LL NAB 'EM!



YOU BRAG TOO MUCH! HOW CAN A TIMID FELLOW LIKE YOU HELP TO CATCH THOSE THIEVES?

WELL, YOU'LL BE THERE TO HELP ME, EL POPO... THAT IS, IF YOU WANT A SHARE OF THE REWARD!



JUS' THE SAME, I AM NOT EAGER TO TANGLE WEETH BANK ROBBERS!

DON'T WORRY! WE'LL CAPTURE THEM WITHOUT TROUBLE!

HMM!



I HEARD WHAT YOU SAID, YOU GREAT, BIG, STRONG MAN! THEY CALL ME GILDED LIL... WHAT'S YOUR NAME, HANDSOME?

BWONG! JUST CALL ME ROSCOE!

TROUBLE EES HERE ALREADY!



HOW WILL YOU CATCH THOSE AWFUL THIEVES, ROSCOE HONEY? HMM?

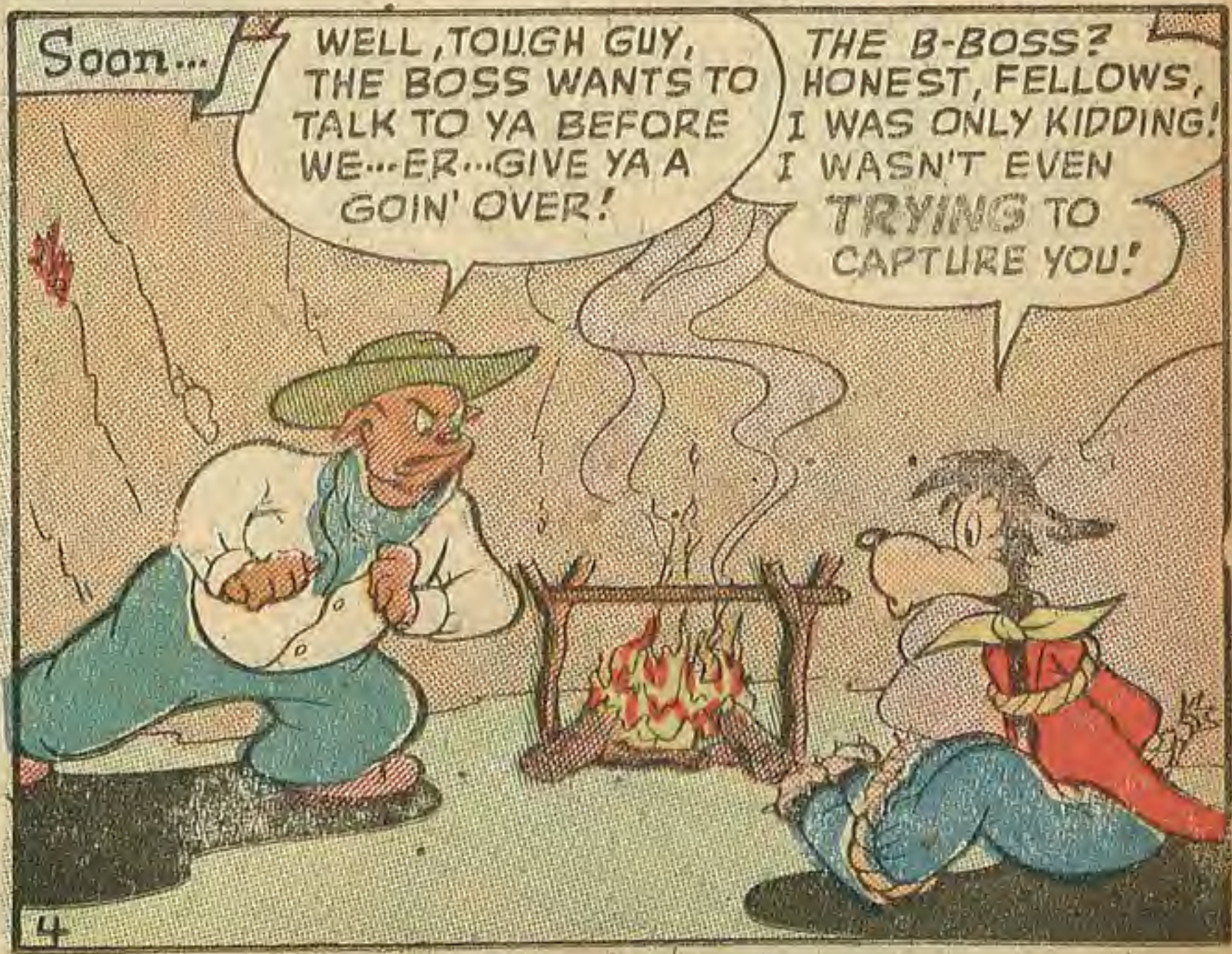
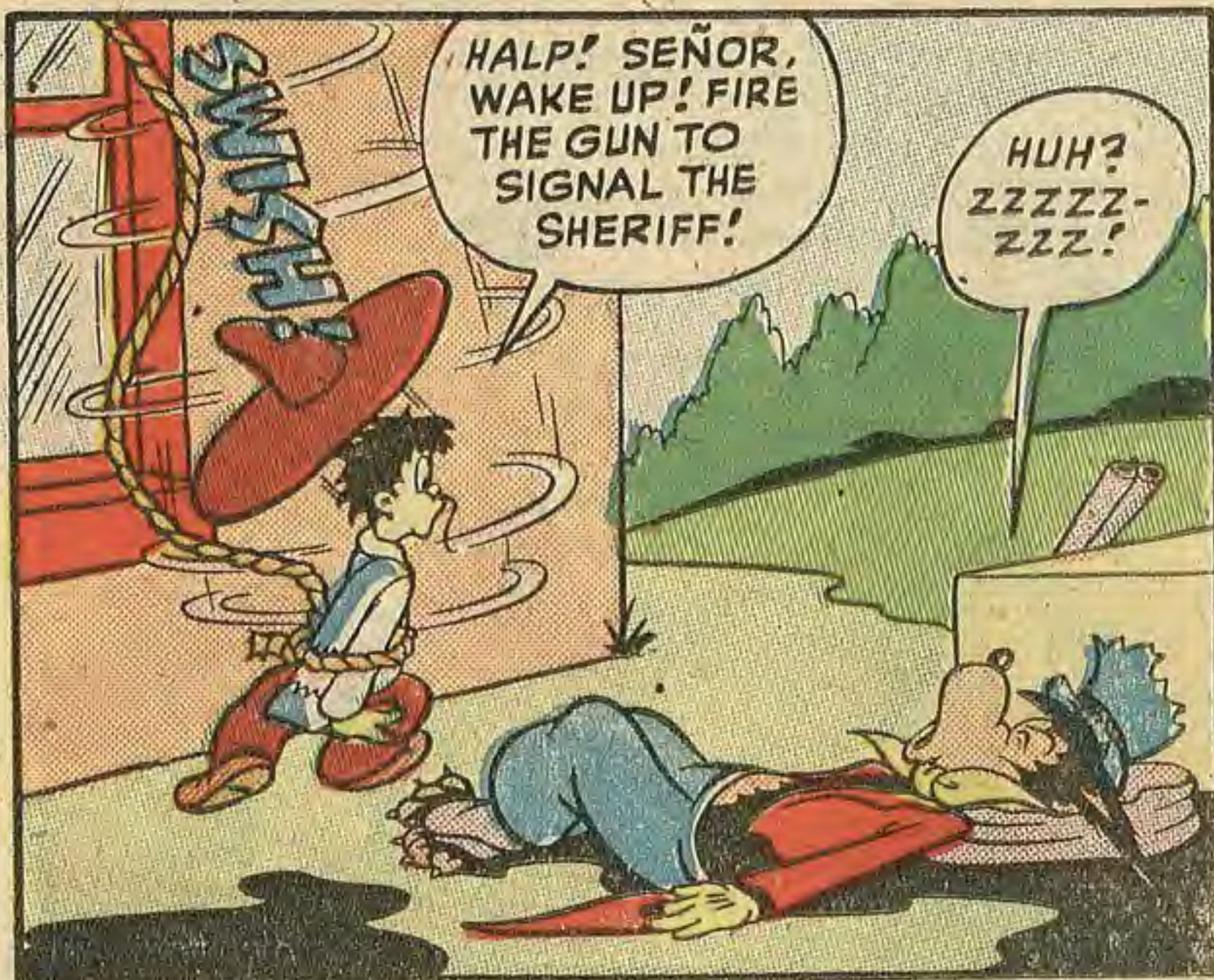
IT'S A CINCH! I'LL JUST GUARD THE BANK AND WHEN THEY COME TO ROB IT, I'LL SNAG 'EM!



I'LL BE CHEERING FOR YOU! COME AND SEE ME SOON AGAIN, BIG BOY!

WOW! I SURE WILL, LIL! SEÑOR, YOU ARE EVEN MORE STUPID THAN I KNEW YOU WERE BEFORE!







LIL! YOU...
THE B-BOSS?
AND I THOUGHT...

THAT'S RIGHT, BRIGHT BOY!
I'M THE MOST FAMOUS LADY
CROOK IN THE WEST! KINDA
SURPRISED, HUH?



Meanwhile...

EEN ADVENTURE
STORIES THE HERO
BURNS OFF THE ROPES
ON A HOT ROCK! EL POPO
WEEL TRY THE TRICK,
TOO!



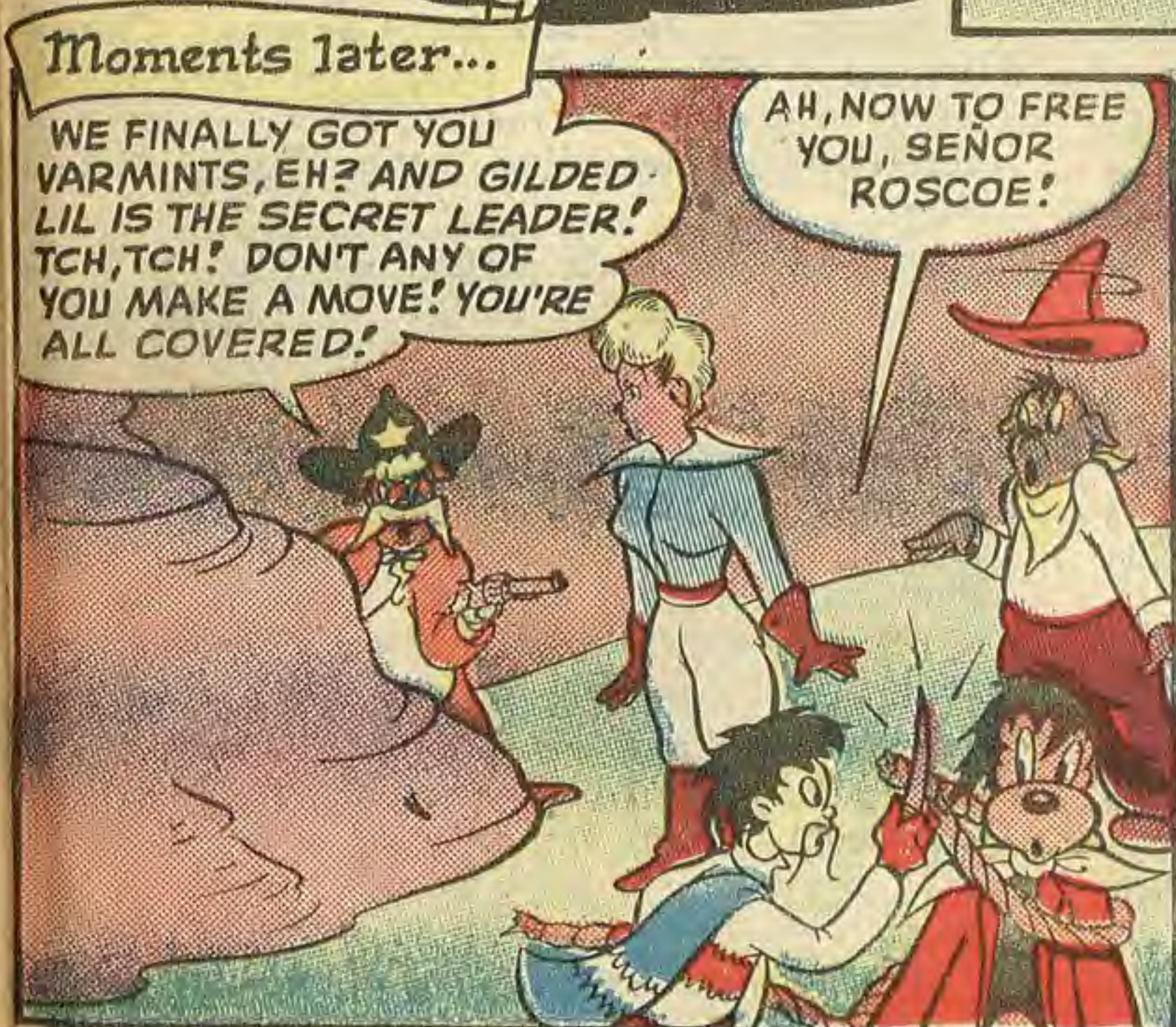
AH, THEY ARE BUSY WEETH SEÑOR
ROSCOE! THEES TIME I WEEL
SAVE HEEM AND I WEEL BE
RECOGNIZED AS THE
HERO!

HAW!
HAW!
HAW!



HEY, LIL! THAT
LITTLE ONE'S GONE!
I'LL GIT RIGHT AFTER
HIM!

OKAY, BUT HURRY BACK!
WE GOTTA SPLIT THE
LOOT AND SCRAM!



Moments later...

WE FINALLY GOT YOU
VARMINTS, EH? AND GILDED
LIL IS THE SECRET LEADER!
TCH, TCH! DON'T ANY OF
YOU MAKE A MOVE! YOU'RE
ALL COVERED!

AH, NOW TO FREE
YOU, SEÑOR
ROSCOE!



Y'SEE, I SENT FOR
HELP AFTER I CAPTURED
THE CROOKS, SHERIFF!
HAD A TOUGH TIME
HOLDING 'EM, TOO!

YOU'RE A HERO,
ROSCOE! THESE
DESPERADOES
WILL SWEAT OUT
LONG SENTENCES
FOR THEIR
CRIMES!

LET'S SEE EEF
SEÑOR EES A
HERO WHEN
HE, TOO, STARTS
TO SWEAT!
THERE EES
MORE THAN
ONE TREECK
I CAN DO
WEETH THEES
HOT ROCK!

Mario's CURSE

WITH a replete sigh, Darrel Dane pushed himself away from the dinner table in the candle-lit patio and smiled across it at Clement Pasquale, an old friend who had invited Darrel to spend the week here at his home in New Orleans. Head of one of the city's oldest and most respected families, Pasquale was a big, broad-shouldered man with graying hair. He had just recently become a widower. He smiled back, and offered Darrel a thin panatella cigar.

"So, Darrel," he boomed as he bent over the candle to light his own cigar, "we have much to talk about, eh? Where shall we begin?"

It had been nearly ten years since the two had last met and they had a lot of ground to cover. It was nearly midnight when their talk of the past was interrupted by the arrival of Pasquale's daughter, a tall, willowy girl with dark, expressive eyes. She was accompanied by a tall, dark young man with startling white teeth.

Clement Pasquale smiled at the couple and introduced them to Darrel as his daughter, Marie, and her fiance, Anthony Perez.

"Fiance?" said Darrel as he shook their hands. "That smacks of a wedding."

"And you, Mr. Darrel," replied young Anthony, "are invited to attend it. Yes. We are being married tomorrow in the chapel behind the garden."

"Congratulations!" exclaimed Darrel. "It really makes me—" he stopped short as he saw the stricken look on Marie Pasquale's face.

Even as Darrel turned towards her with concern, Marie's eyes filled with tears. She whirled suddenly and stumbled from the patio, sobbing. Darrel, watching her sudden flight with alarm, saw that the look on her face was one of fear! Anthony excused himself hastily and followed the fleeing girl.

As the couple vanished, Darrel turned to Pasquale. "Clement," he said with concern, "I don't wish to pry, but your daughter seems terrified at the thought of her wedding."

"No, not of her wedding," replied Pasquale in a troubled tone, "but of a sinister mystery that has plagued our family for a hundred years. Events connected with that mystery have so far been responsible for the death of five brides of the Pasquales on their wedding night! Marie is afraid that she will be the next victim!"

"You've never spoken of this before, Clement," said Darrel.

"It is not a thing to discuss lightly, my friend," replied Pasquale. "But now I will speak. 'A hundred years ago,' he began, 'the first Marie Pasquale promised her hand in marriage to Mario Diaz, a handsome and swaggering buccaneer. The wedding was to take place on the day Mario returned from a sea voyage, and to remind Marie of this day, Mario presented her with a priceless Spanish comb encrusted with precious jewels. A comb, by the way, which is still in the possession of the Pasquale family. A year later when Mario returned, Marie indeed was married, but to another man. Mario was furious. As the newly married couple turned away from the altar, he cried out in a rage: 'A curse on the house of Pasquale! May all brides who bear that name, die on their wedding day!'"

Clement Pasquale paused a moment and then went on solemnly: "It happened quite suddenly. Marie clutched in agony at her head and fell to the floor of the chapel, crying out, 'Les dents! Les dents!' She was dead when they picked her up."

"Les dents! les dents!" muttered Darrel. "The teeth! the teeth!" he translated. "I wonder what she meant by that, Clement?"

"No one knows," replied Pasquale, "but this I can tell you. Since that day, four more brides bearing the name of Pasquale have died with those words on their lips. Les dents! The teeth!" He turned a worried face towards Darrel. "Darrel, I'm afraid. Terribly afraid—for Marie!"

"Forget it for tonight, Clement," Darrel counseled. "The whole thing's probably just a family superstition. You'll probably see it in a different light tomorrow, after a good night's sleep."

Clement Pasquale sighed wearily. "I hope so, Darrel. I hope so. In the meanwhile, come. I'll show you to your room. You must be very tired."

Darrel Dane had just drifted off to sleep in the huge four-poster bed when he felt someone shaking him roughly and heard a frantic voice shouting in his ear, "Darrel! Wake up, Darrel. Marie is not in her room! She's gone!"

Shocked into wakefulness, Darrel sat up quickly in bed and saw Clement Pasquale standing beside him. "Marie—not in her room?" he exclaimed. "Come on. Let's see if we can find her." Grabbing his robe, Darrel raced from the room, with the frantic Pasquale close behind.

As they reached the head of the stairs, Darrel, glancing down at the front door, saw it close

hastily on a willowy figure in white. "There's Marie, Clement!" he shouted. "She just ran out the door. After her!"

They caught up with Marie in the patio. As Clement Pasquale put a hand on her shoulder, her face twisted and she pressed her head against her father's chest. "It's no use, Papa," she cried out. "I can't go through with the wedding tomorrow! I'm afraid. I don't want to die!"

Pasquale patted his daughter's head reassuringly and turned a saddened face to Darrel. "You see, Darrel. To we Pasquales, Mario's curse is very real."

"Yes, Marie is truly terrified," said Darrel thoughtfully. "Tell me, Clement," he asked suddenly, "does tradition dictate the Pasquale bride's trousseau?"

"But yes," replied Clement. "All our brides wear the Pasquale mantilla, which has been handed down for generations, and the jeweled comb. But what use is this talk of marriage? The wedding cannot go on!"

"I disagree, Clement," replied Darrel. "The wedding *can* and *must* go on! Only then can the curse be broken. Go on with the ceremony, Clement, I guarantee *nothing* will happen!"

The next morning, two hours before the wedding was scheduled to take place, Darrel Dane stood before the public library in downtown New Orleans and wondered how he was going to gain entrance to the building. The book, which he was sure would help him solve the mystery of Mario's oath, was probably on one of the shelves inside. But it was Sunday—the library was closed.

Suddenly, a partly opened window on the third floor caught his eye. Throwing all the powers of his strong will into the effort, Darrel concentrated the molecules of his body. In a second, Darrel Dane was a tiny mite, barely eighteen inches tall. He had become—the Doll Man!

Running up the side of the building to within a foot of the open window was a drainpipe. The Doll Man rapidly climbed the pipe and a few minutes later was inside the library. He headed immediately for a section of books listed under "Crime," and after a few minutes' search found the volume he had come for. It was titled, "FAMOUS MURDERS OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY." For the next, thir-

ty minutes, time stood still for the Doll Man as he concentrated on the contents of the book.

An hour later, Darrel Dane, having resumed his identity, raced for the door of the private chapel in Clement Pasquale's garden, where the wedding ceremony was being performed. As he neared the door, he could hear the benediction and he realized the ceremony was nearly over. Indeed, as he entered the Chapel, the newly married couple were just turning away from the altar. He took a quick look at the bride's head and saw the Spanish comb, its jewels glittering brilliantly under the altar lights.

"Anthony!" he called. "Remove the comb from Marie's head! Hurry! It holds the secret of the curse!"

Anthony Perez stared at Darrel a moment, too startled to move. Then feeling the urgency in the voice, he whirled towards Marie and snatched the comb from her head.

Marie's face suddenly paled. She swayed for a moment and then suddenly slumped in a dead faint into Anthony's ready arms.

Darrel sprang towards her and fearfully felt her pulse. It was irregular but strong. He sighed with relief and turned a smiling face to the anxious father and groom. "It's all right," he told them, "Marie will live. The comb was removed in time."

Later that day, Darrel Dane explained Mario's secret to Clement Pasquale and the happy young couple. "The teeth of the comb are hollow," he explained, "and contain a deadly poison of the same consistency as beeswax. The body heat from the head slowly melts the poison, allowing it to drip onto the scalp, where it is taken into the blood system by the pores."

"And thanks to you, old friend, Marie was saved from that," said Clement Pasquale, smiling gratefully at Darrel. "But one thing puzzles me. How did you know it was the comb?"

Darrel smiled. "I was consulting a book on crime during the fifteenth century—a time when criminals went in heavily for odd murder gadgets. I remembered your telling me that the comb Marie was to wear at her wedding had been worn by all the Pasquale brides. And I remembered their dying words, 'Les dents!—The teeth!' Do you see it now, Clement? It's just that I happened to remember that combs *also* have teeth!"

PERKY

by
Gill
Fox-

YUP! IN MIRACLE LAND ALL
WE NEED IS A STEERING WHEEL
AND A LITTLE IMAGINATION TO
GO FOR A RIDE!

HOW MANY MILES
DO YOU GET TO A
GALLON OF
IMAGINATION?

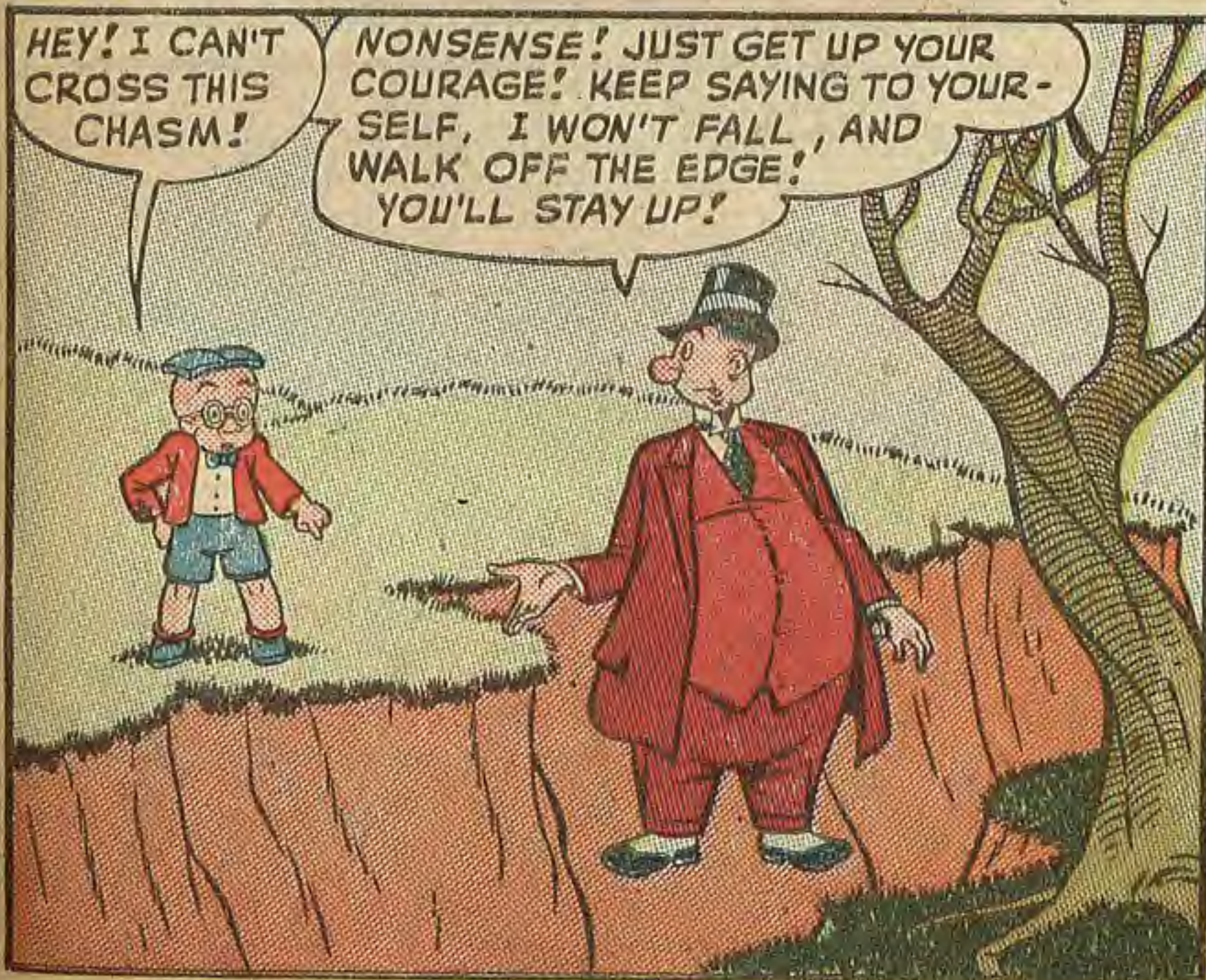
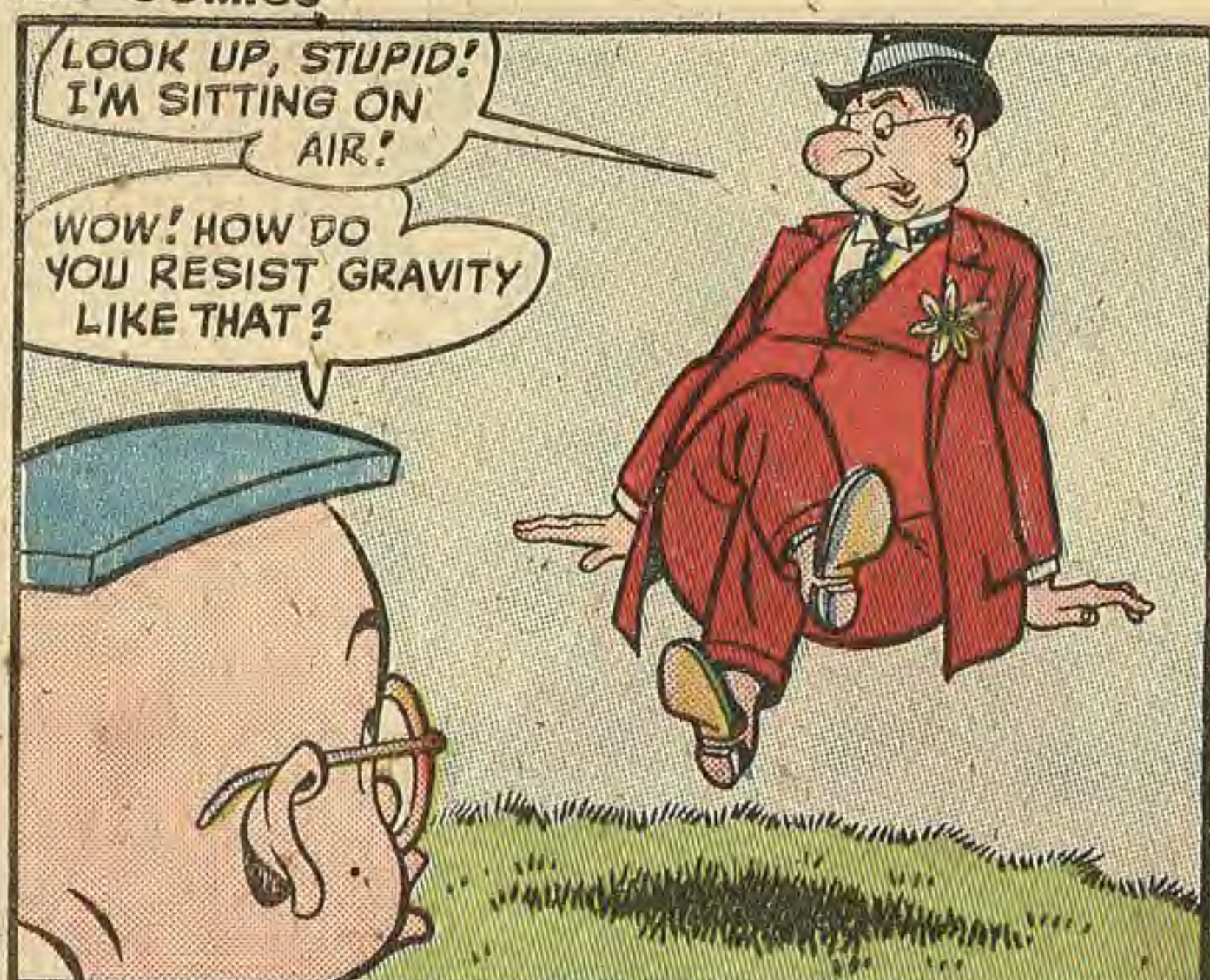


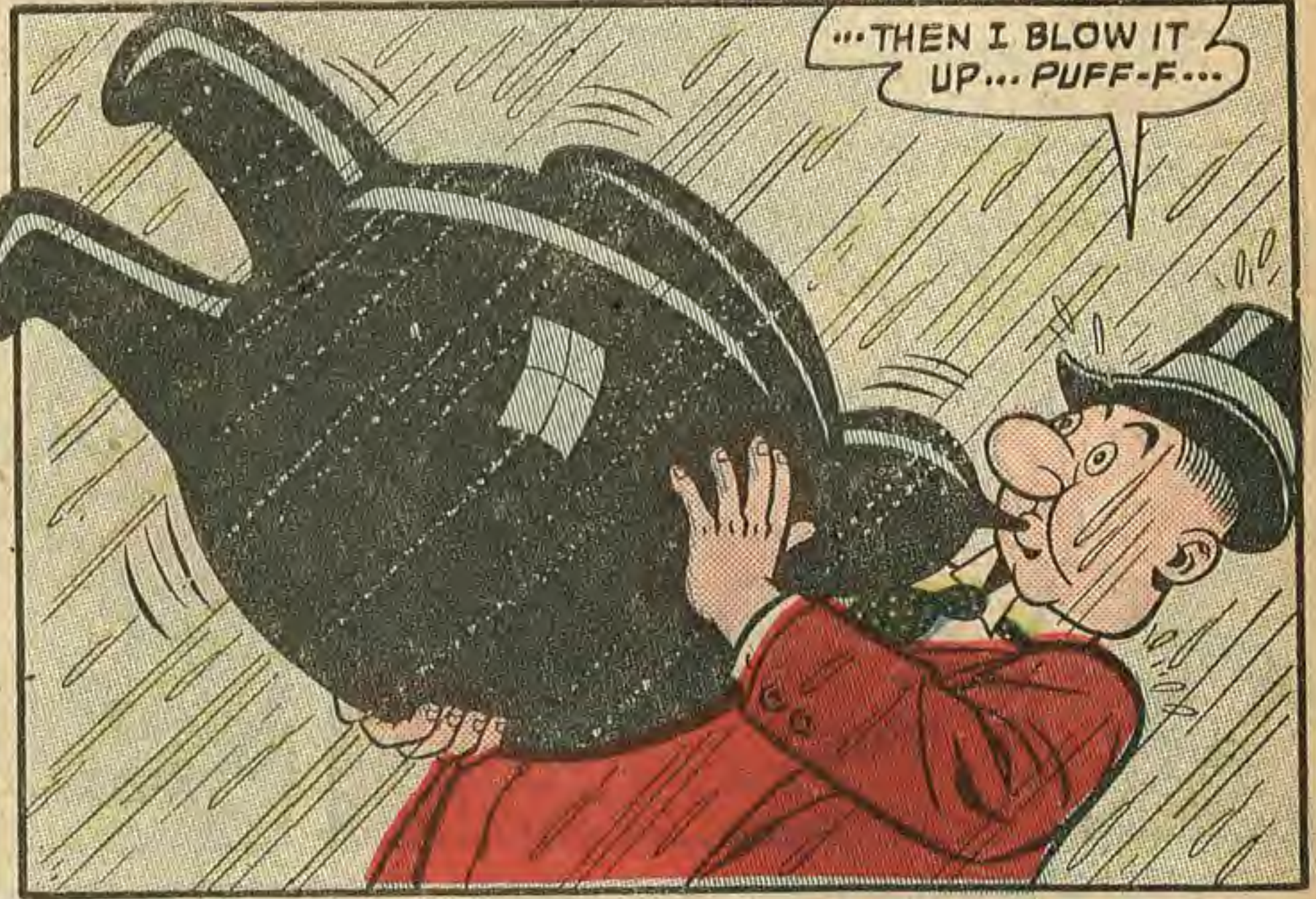
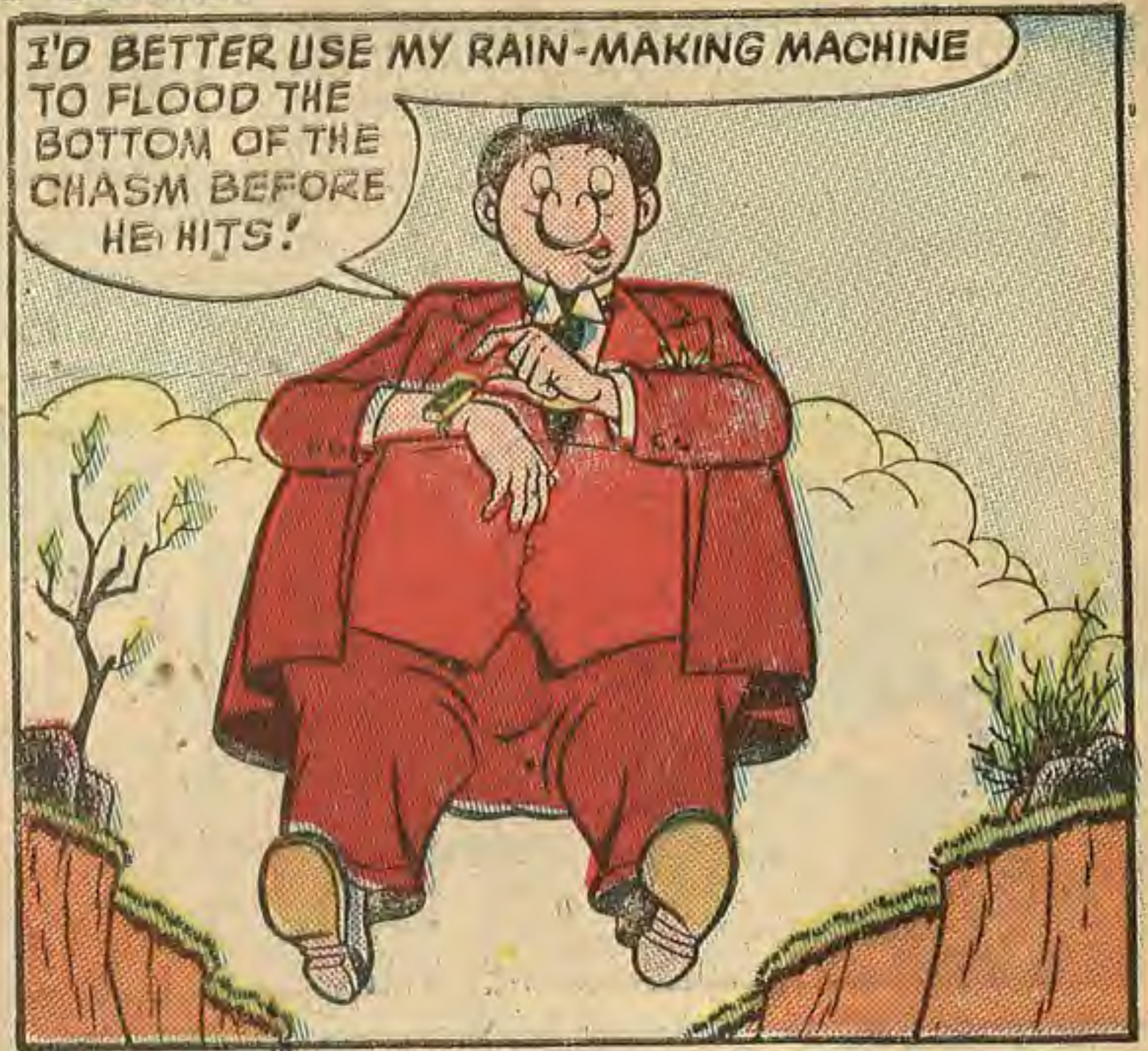
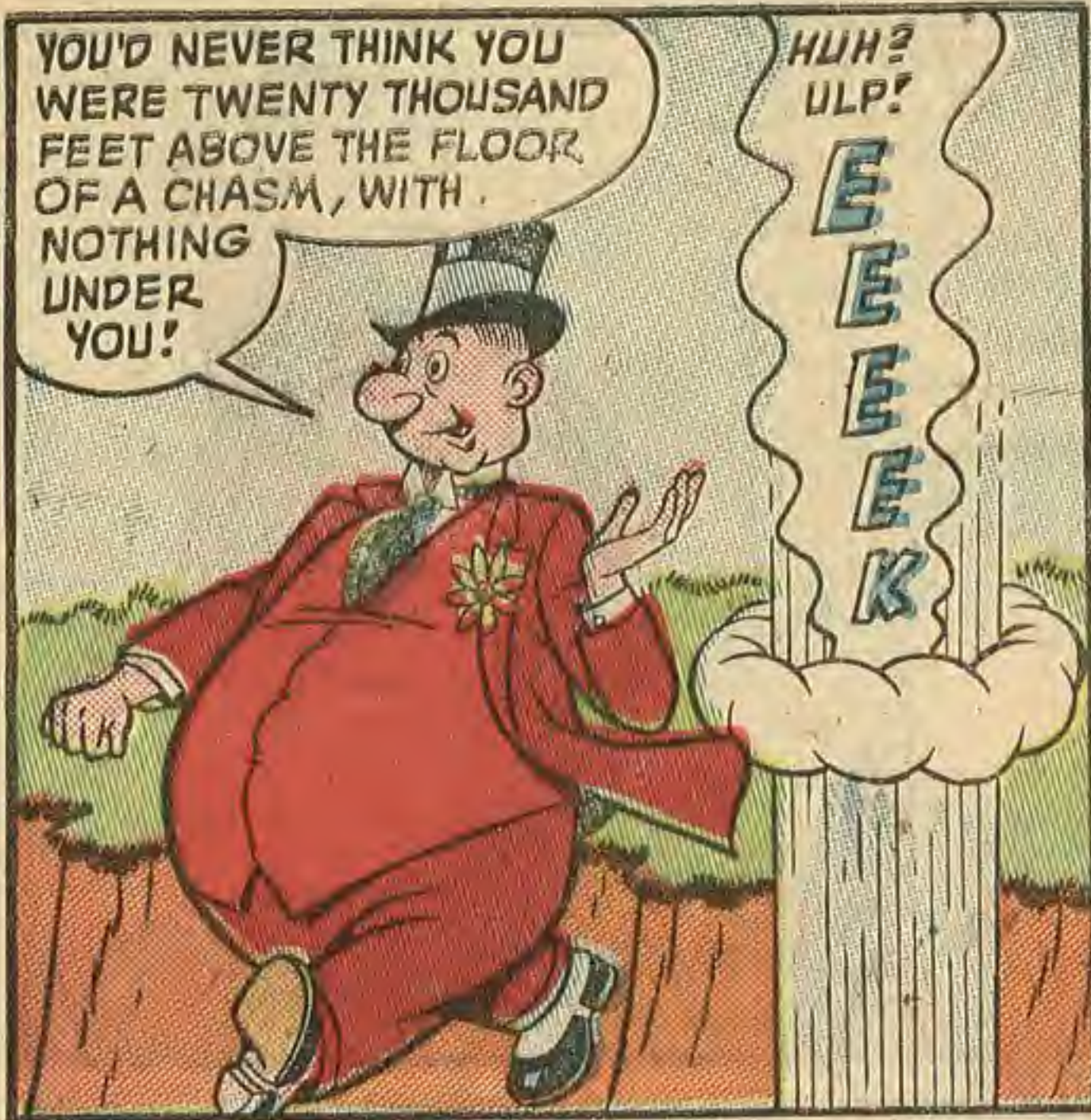
Who said
miracles can't
happen any
more? Perky
finds out that
there is a land
where a miracle
is as common-
place as a
sneeze, when
he continues
on his flights
to worlds
beyond our
own...

MIRACLE LAND? IT'LL BE A
MIRACLE IF I DON'T BREAK
MY NECK WHEN I LAND!

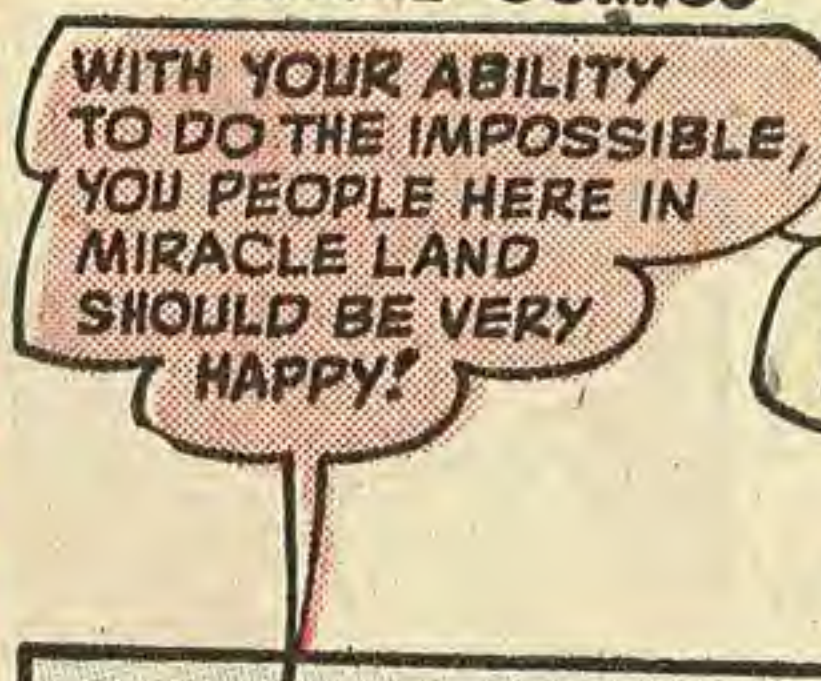


FEATURE COMICS

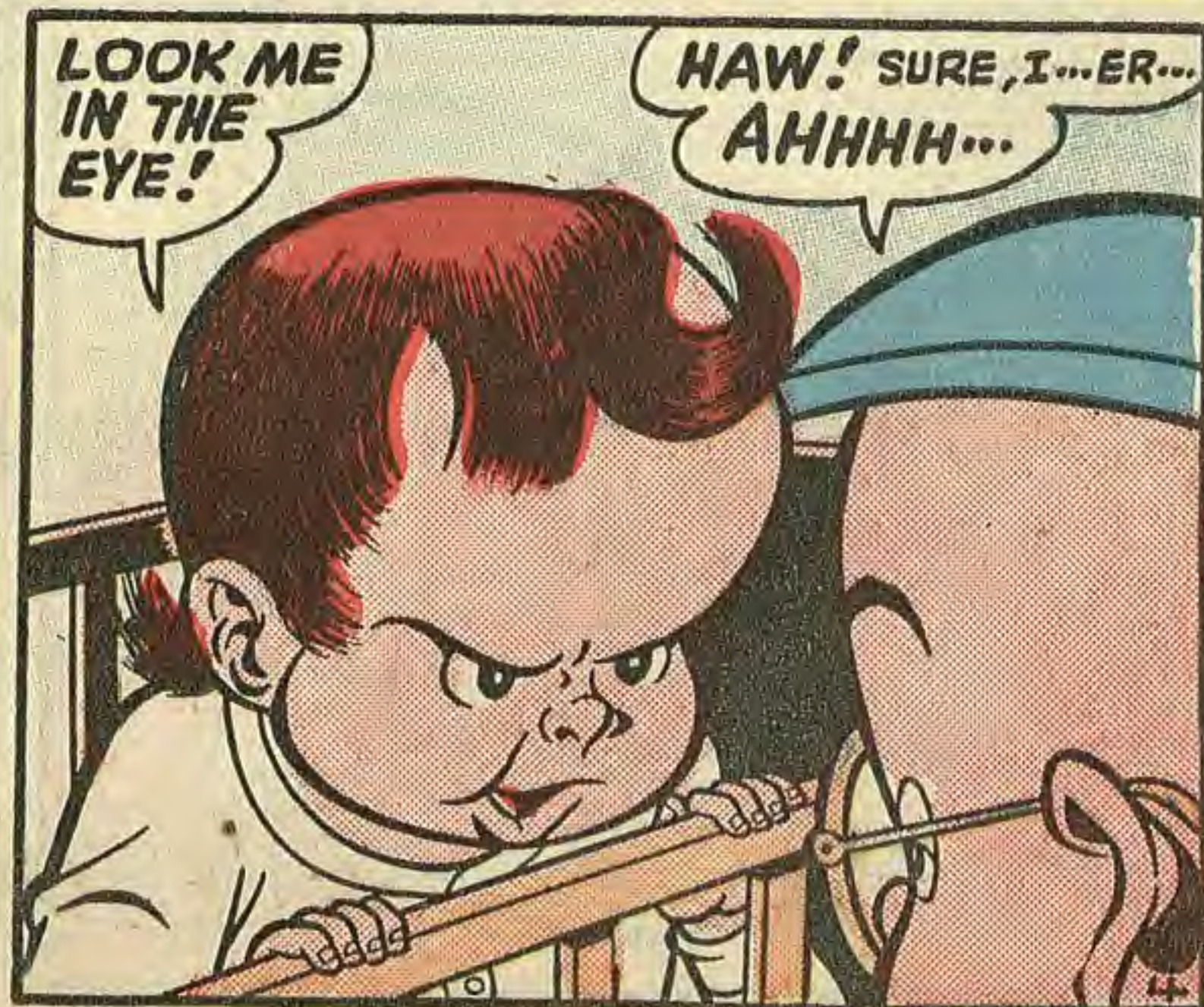




FEATURE COMICS

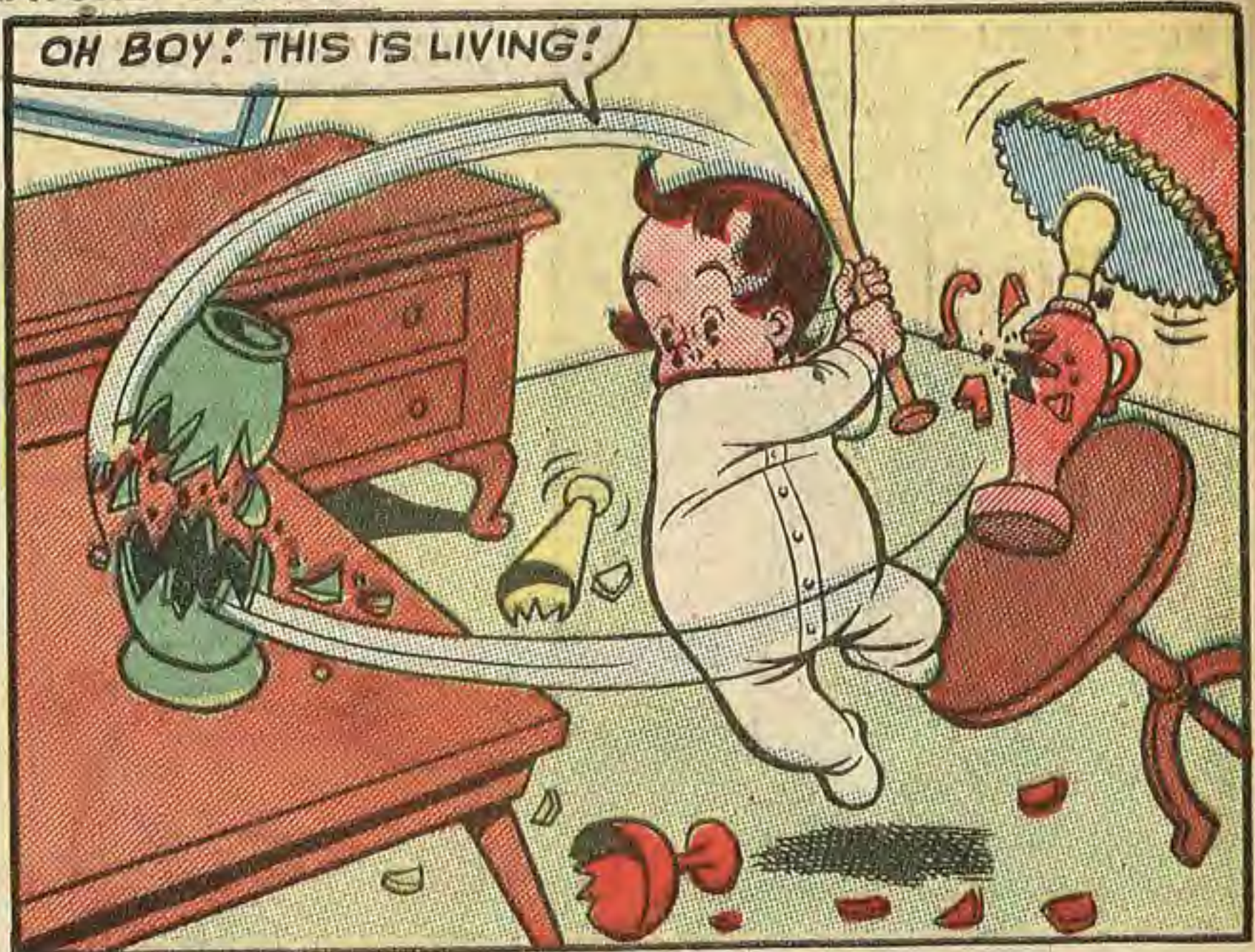


That night, we find Perky receiving his final instructions as a baby sitter...





AH! HE'S
HYPNOTIZED!
NOW TO HAVE
SOME FUN!



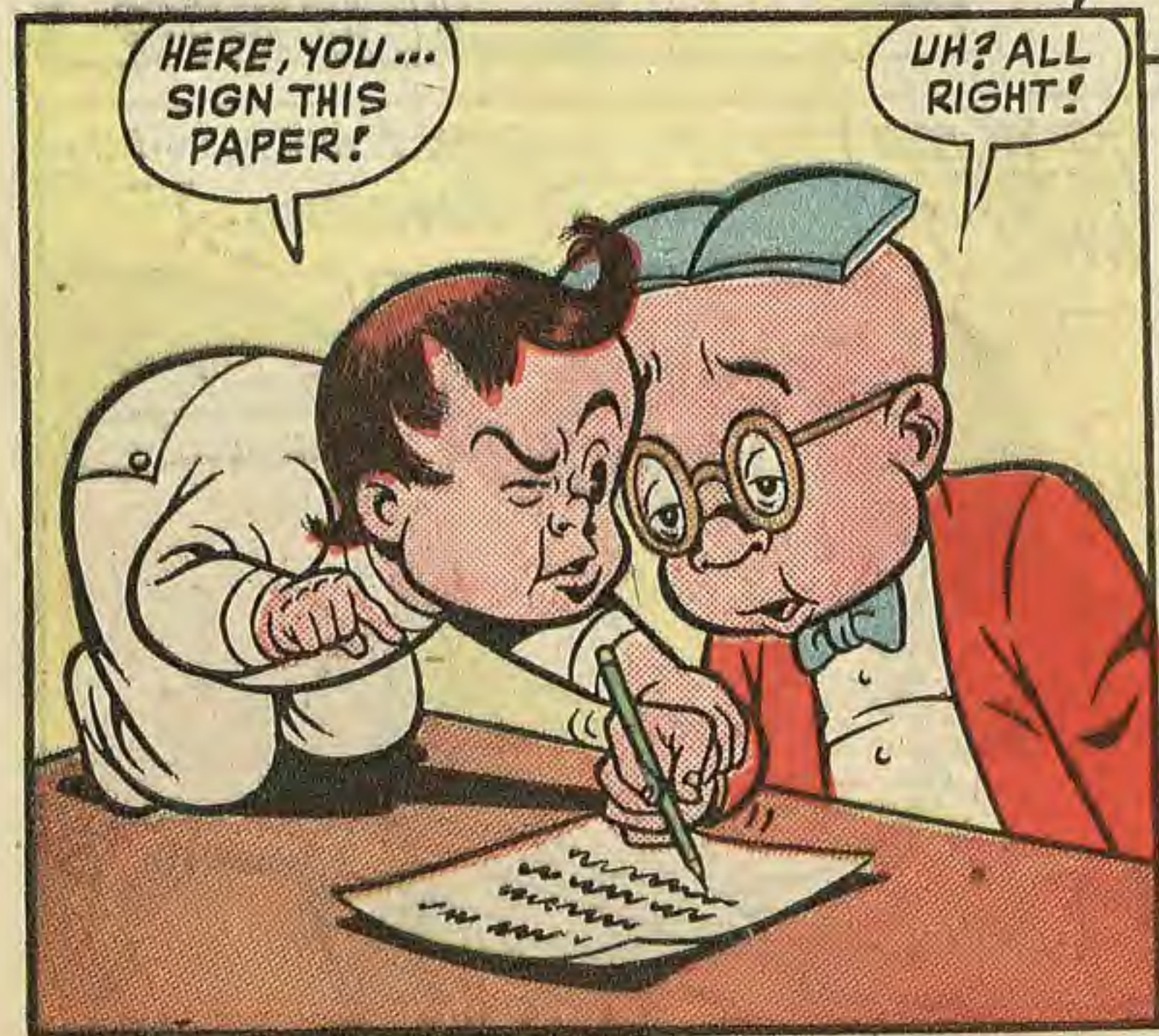
OH BOY! THIS IS LIVING!



WHOOEEE!



IT'S GETTING LATE! I'D
BETTER GET BACK INTO MY
CRIB BEFORE
MY PARENTS
RETURN!

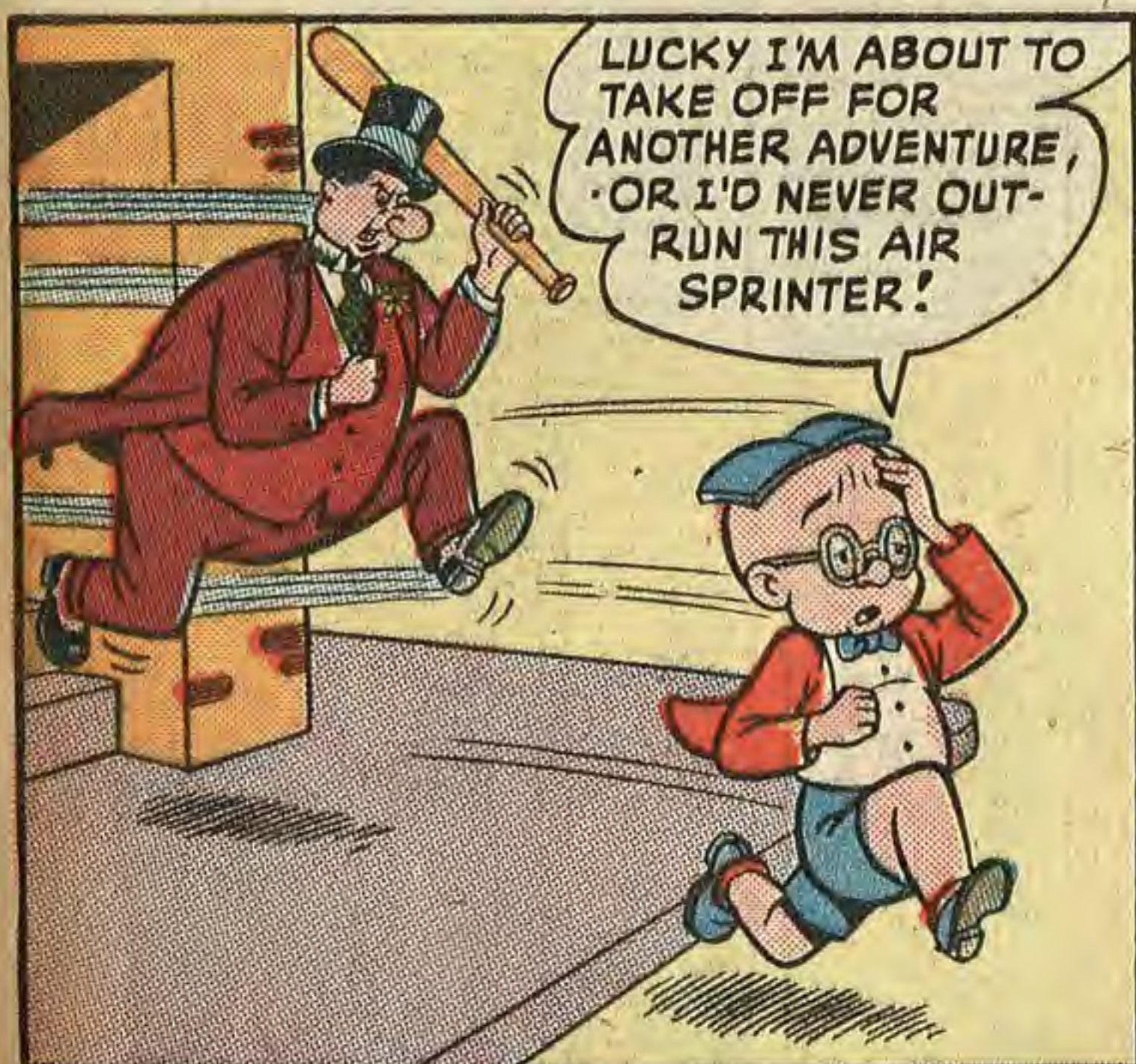
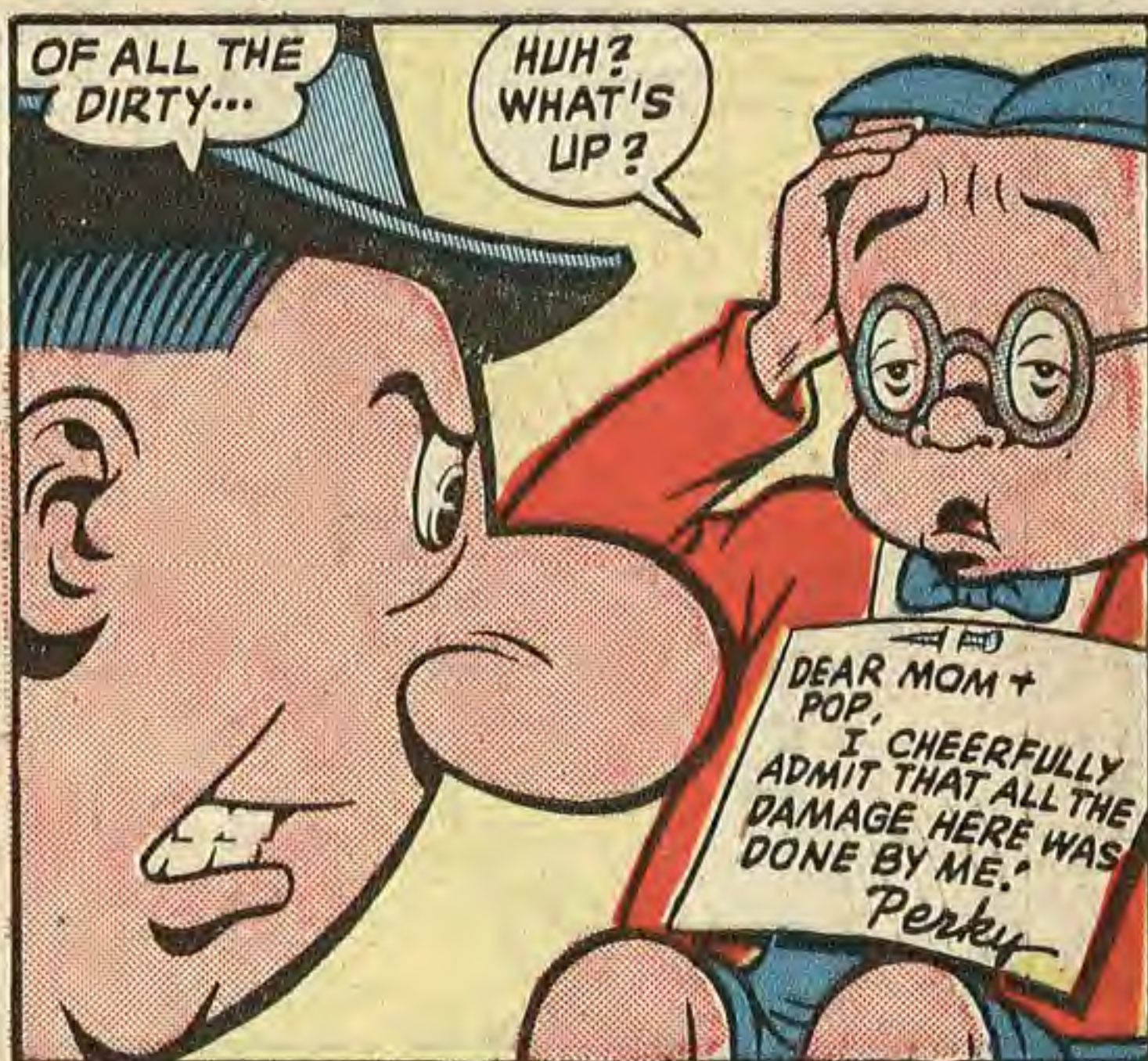


HERE, YOU ...
SIGN THIS
PAPER!

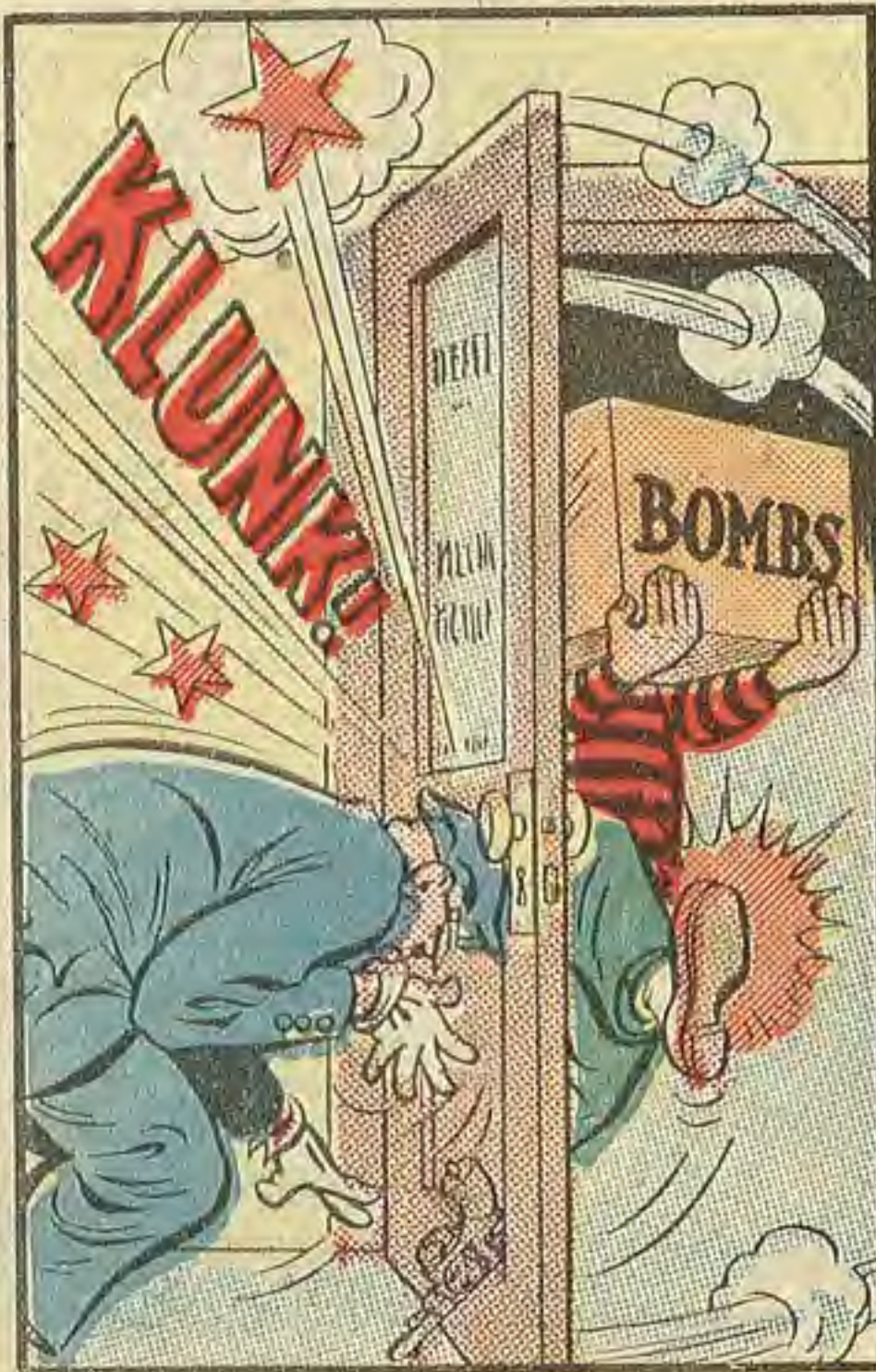
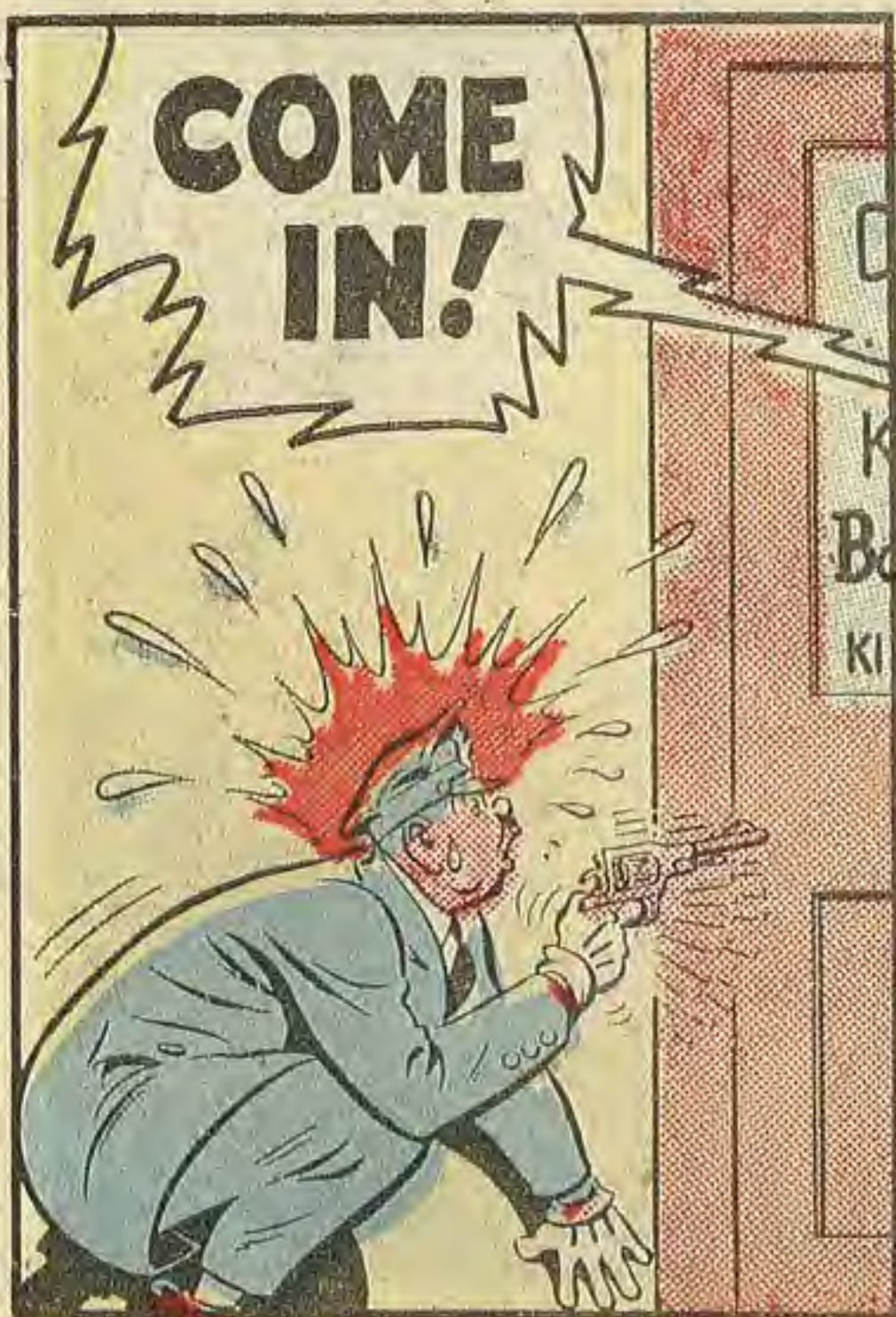
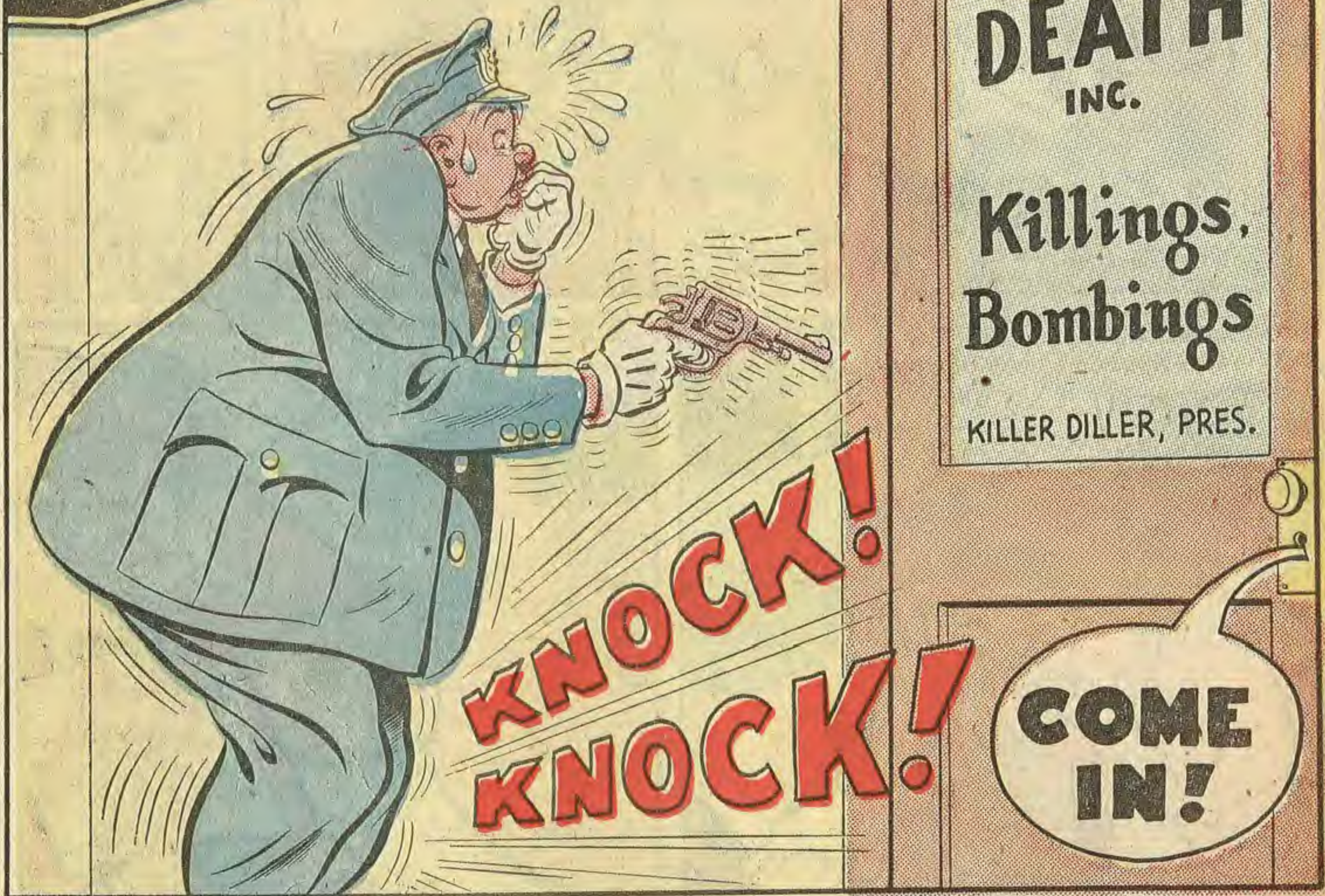
UH? ALL
RIGHT!



THEY'LL NEVER GUESS
THAT I DID IT!
ZZZ-ZZZ!



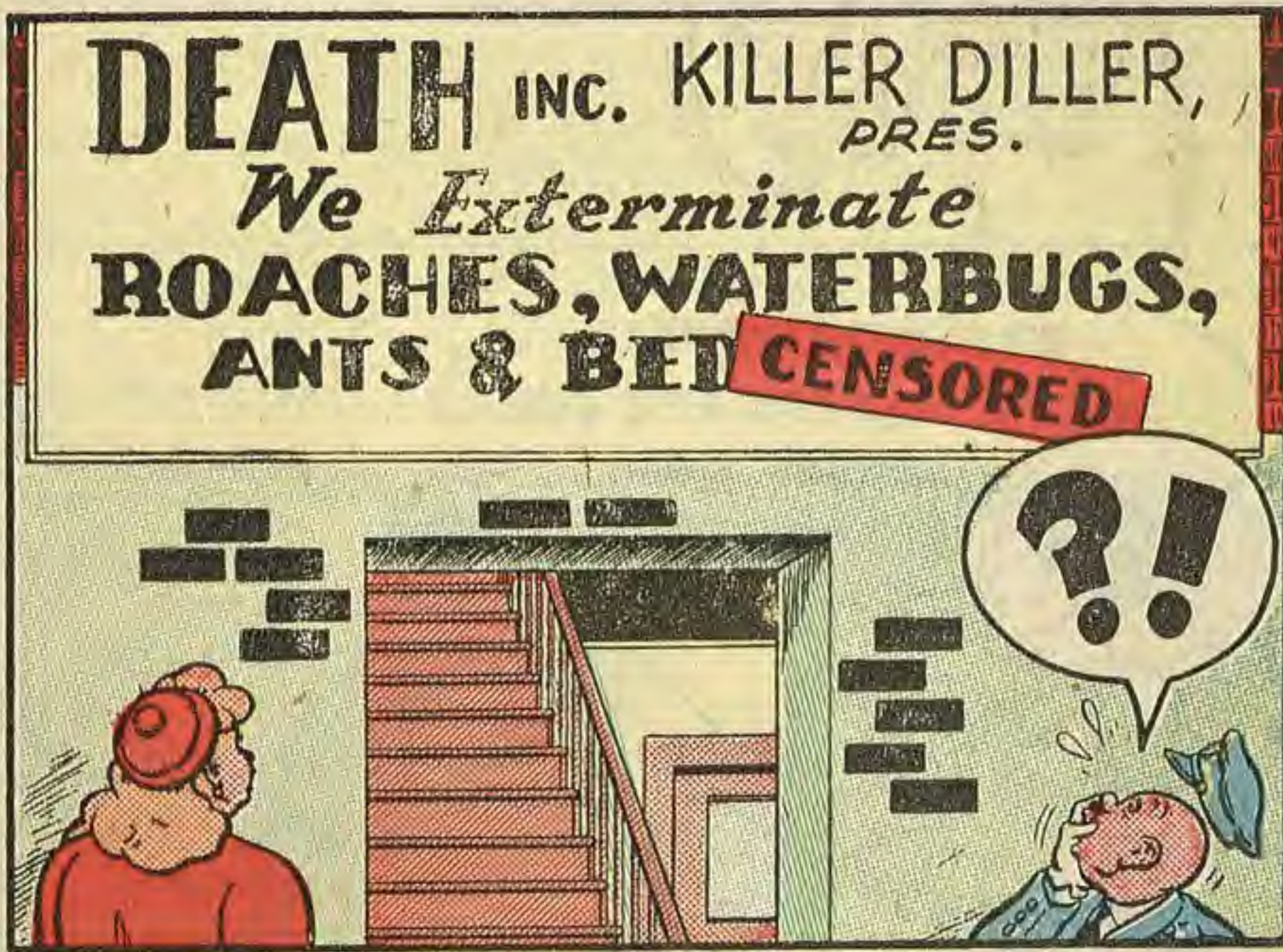
SHENANIGAN



FEATURE COMICS







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HIS NEW BIKE!



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COASTER BRAKE!

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TRUCKS AND
PLANES, TOO!



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BIKE PEDALS EASIER,
COASTS LONGER AND
STOPS QUICKER!

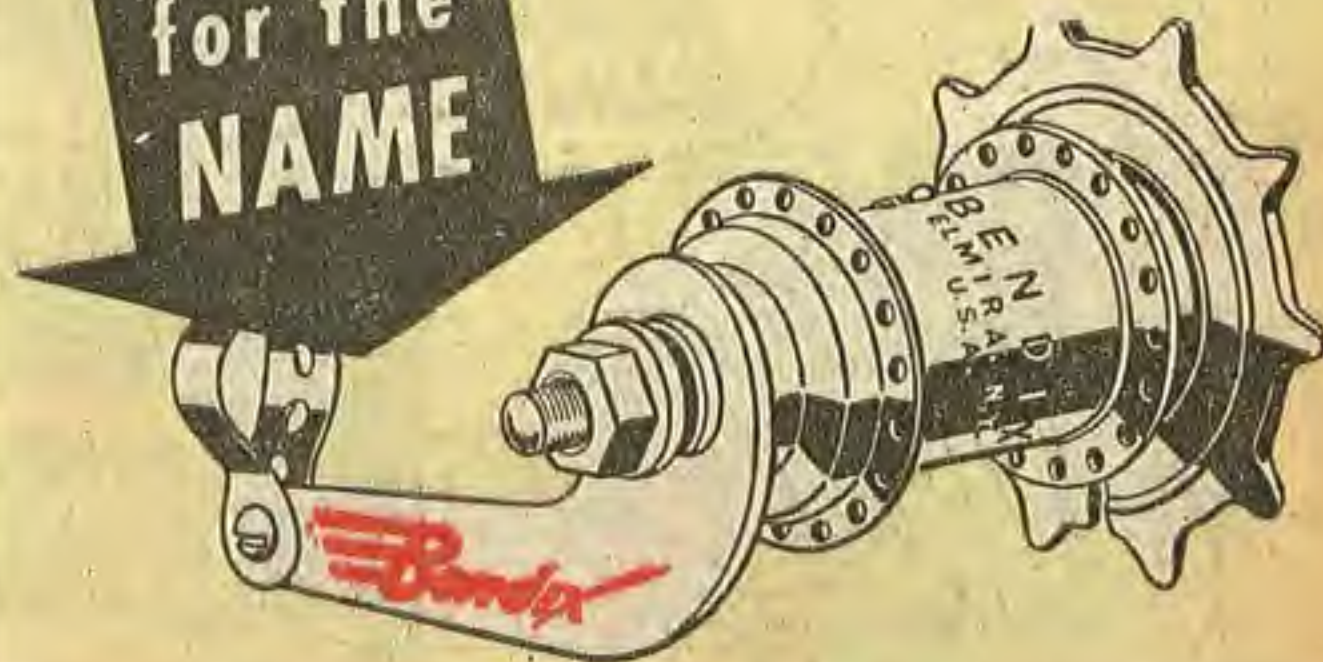


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take apart — Sealed against dirt and water.

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UNDER
G. I. BILL

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I TRAINED THESE MEN

Has Own Radio Business

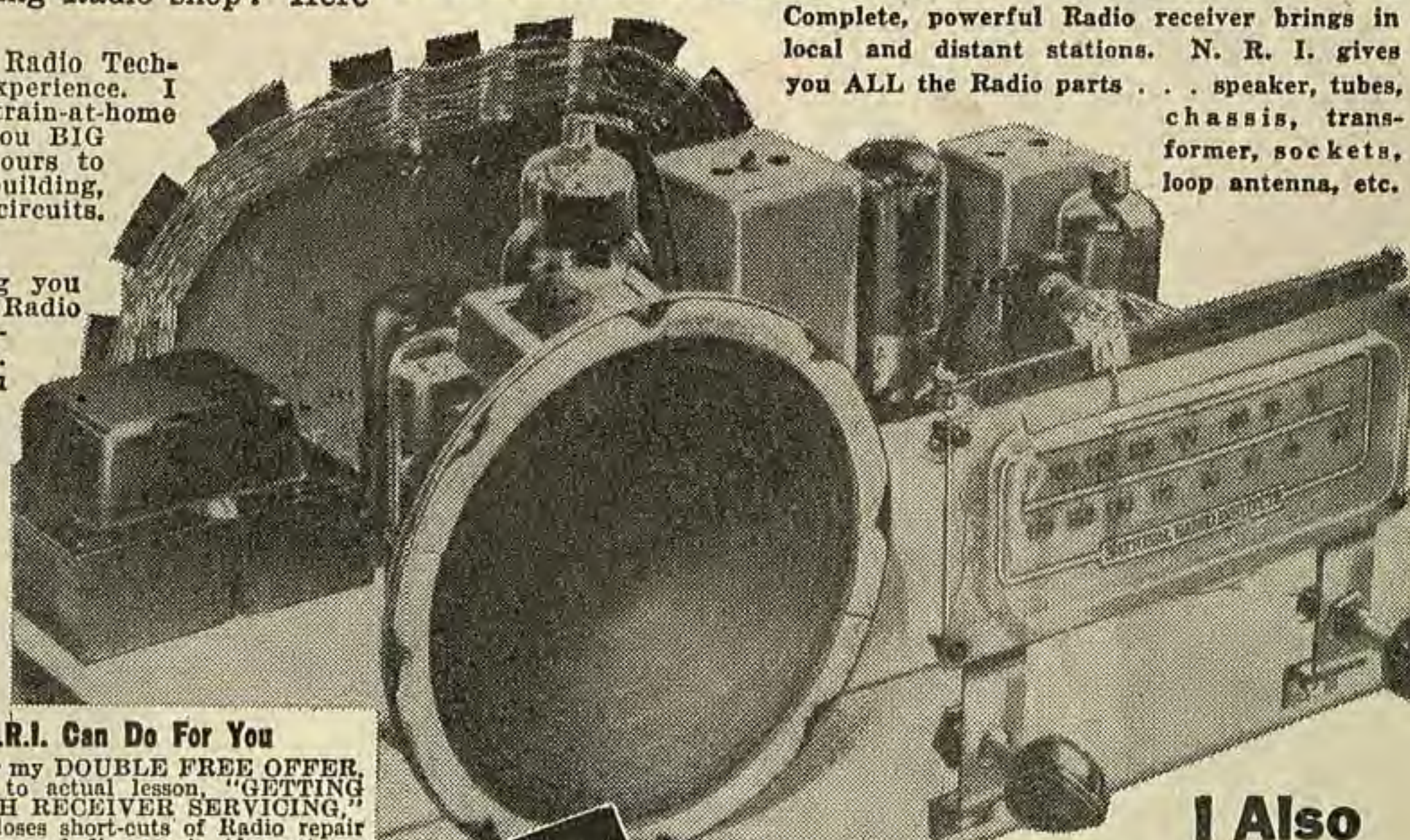
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